

# CHATELAIN

JANUARY 1938 • TEN CENTS



The New Reita Lambert Novel

"Make-Relieve Gunny"

# "I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

**Neglect—Wrong Care—Ignorance of the Ipana Technique  
of Gum Massage—all can bring about**

**"PINK  
TOOTH BRUSH"**

*"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong."*

*"Then, if you will remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us."*

*"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that."*

*"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"*

## **No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"**

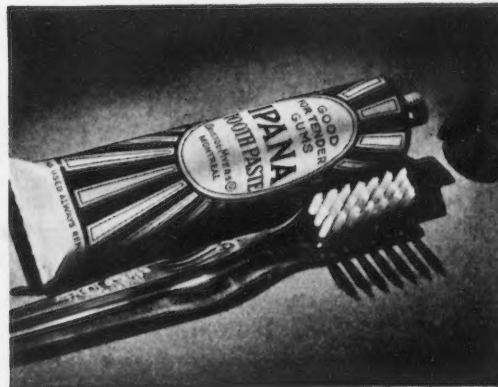
**I**F YOU'VE noticed that warning touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work*, more *stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat today is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums all the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of daily gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage*, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, do this: Massage Ipana directly into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter, safer from trouble. Your smile sparkles with a new brilliance, a new, glamorous loveliness!

\* \* \*

**DOUBLE DUTY**—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



## IPANA TOOTH PASTE



# Libby's TOMATO PRODUCTS



## ... "gentle press" IS THE MAGIC THAT THRILLS THE APPETITE

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specimens from each succeeding crop and extracting the seeds for the following year's planting. The result is that each year the tomatoes have been improving—satin-smooth skins—rich, red colouring—luscious, fine-textured body, heavy with sweet vitamin-carrying juices that are both appetizing and healthful.

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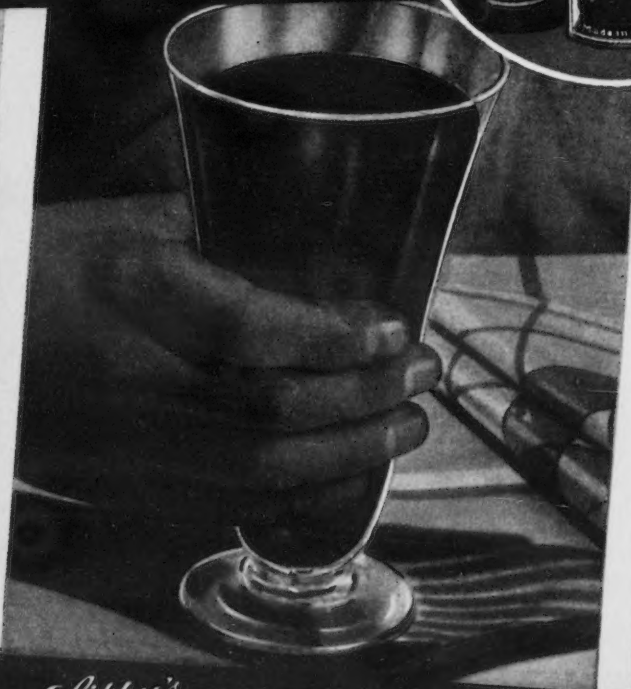
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Libby's TOMATO JUICE



Libby's TOMATO CATCHUP



*Presenting*



*Above, the Standard Ford V-8 Tudor . . . Below, the De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor*

## THE TWO NEW FORD V-8 CARS FOR 1938

We're building two new cars for 1938—the Standard Ford V-8 and the De Luxe Ford V-8. They are different in appearance, but they have the same mechanical excellence—the same 112-inch wheelbase.

People liked our 1937 car so well that they bought more of them than of any other make. We have improved on that car in the newly styled Standard Ford V-8 for 1938. But some folks asked also for a

bigger, finer car with the same Ford advantages in it. For them, we designed the new De Luxe Ford V-8.

The De Luxe Sedans have longer bodies with more room, larger luggage space and finer appointments. They are equipped with the economical V-8 engine. They give an added measure of motoring satisfaction at traditionally low Ford prices. The Standard is even lower priced than the De Luxe. It

has pleasant new lines and well-tailored interiors. It is a big, comfortable modern car. It has the performance and economy which the V-8 engine traditionally gives.

Two distinct designs, two body sizes, two price ranges. There's a 1938 Ford V-8 that will fit your personal needs exactly. Whatever price you pay, you get a car built soundly to serve you well. That's the Ford way.





# CHATELAINÉ

a magazine for canadian women

I HOPE we've planted a bombshell on pages ten and eleven.

I hope that when you've read "Women at War," you'll be so aroused over possibilities which cannot be dismissed too casually, that you'll bring Colonel Hunter's article to the attention of your women's clubs, your friends, your children. Your husband will probably have read the article before you had a chance at it . . .

Here's a startling visualization of what might happen in Canada. It was an article which had to pass the battery of a great many editorial questions. "Will it frighten women unnecessarily?" "Will it anger them?" "Will it be misunderstood?" There were the pictures of women at war—hundreds of them—on the desk, silent proof of a terrible trend. We all felt that *Chatelaine* could do a notable work in helping to awaken women to responsibilities entailed by the general inertia of the public. That is why we published it.

Do you think we were right?

THE SAME question bothered the successful Mrs. Swift. Incontestably she was forty-one; but her size fourteens, and her weekly stint at the beauty parlor proclaimed her a sunny thirty-five. Her son was sixteen and hated her business trappings. He wanted her to marry Ben and be a mother to them both. Should she marry him for the boy's sake—when she'd rather not? Or keep on her happy business life? Perhaps her decision was all wrong; or perhaps it made a happy ending. Maybe the Chlorie Swifts of this world never know for themselves . . . "Little Old Lady" is a good story by a new *Chatelaine* writer.

It isn't often, in the workaday business of reading manuscripts, that a serial grips one's interest so deeply that it can't be put down at any given spot and left until the next day's labor. But "Make-Believe Gypsy" has the quality of vitality and suspense so definitely that I finished it in the small hours of the night. I had to know, for myself, just what happened to the tangled young lives. Reita Lambert is an irresistible storyteller. I'm delighted that our 1938 program begins with such a distinguished novel.

WHEN WE were deciding about the news value of the good-looking photographs of the Canadian prize-winners at the New York Hairdressing Show, we queried a great many girls on how often they changed their hair styles. Only a very few said they had done so in the past couple of years—yet every single one of them stated that she loved to look at pictures of smart new styles! How can you explain that inconsistency? But since a woman's magazine must deal with such attitudes consistently, there are the pictures on page twenty-seven. And congratulations to Marguerite Peereboom, of Montreal, who made history by carrying off the first and second prizes in the most important international contest of the year!

ONE OF the most important developments of the New Year is the beginning of our new department, "Your Home," edited by Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C.—meaning Fellow of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. This is the first time that a Canadian magazine has appointed an architect as a full-time member of its staff. Mr. Parry has had a notable career in his profession and will deal with house building, planning, decoration and furnishing in his new department. Among the early features will be some of the prize-winners in our recent Home Improvement contest. When Mr. Parry asked what he should write about for his first article, we said, "Tell them first and foremost not to be scared of you—but to realize just how much you can help them with their own problems." So remember that whatever puzzles you about any phase of your home, will receive careful study and a helpful answer.

But February *Chatelaine* is treading swiftly on the heels of this one. An enchanting MacIntosh painting decorates the cover—and inside you'll find some remarkably good fiction. There's an article for movie fans too, telling what the life of Hollywood wives is like. It may sound as if it were a glamorous role to play—but a well-known writer in Hollywood, Grace Mack, knows many of the "wives" personally, and her description of what happens to them is one you musn't miss.

A Happy New Year to every one of you!

*Byrne Hope Sanders.*

## IN THIS ISSUE

### MAKE BELIEVE GYPSY . . .

Reita Lambert tells of young people struggling for fame and happiness. Turn to page five.

### WOMEN AT WAR . . . Lt.-Col.

Fraser Hunter looks at conditions in half a dozen countries today—and wonders whether the same conditions may perhaps come to Canada. There's another powerful argument for peace . . . on page ten.

**I RESOLVE . . .** Carolyn Damon has one of her "different" fashion articles crammed with real ideas for every woman who wants to be smart . . . on page twelve.

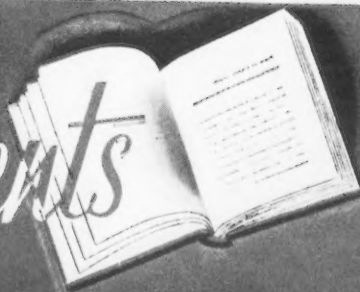
### SEVEN FISH DINNERS . . . Helen

Campbell describes some very special, though very practical, fish menus, with a beautiful photograph in natural color. On page eighteen.

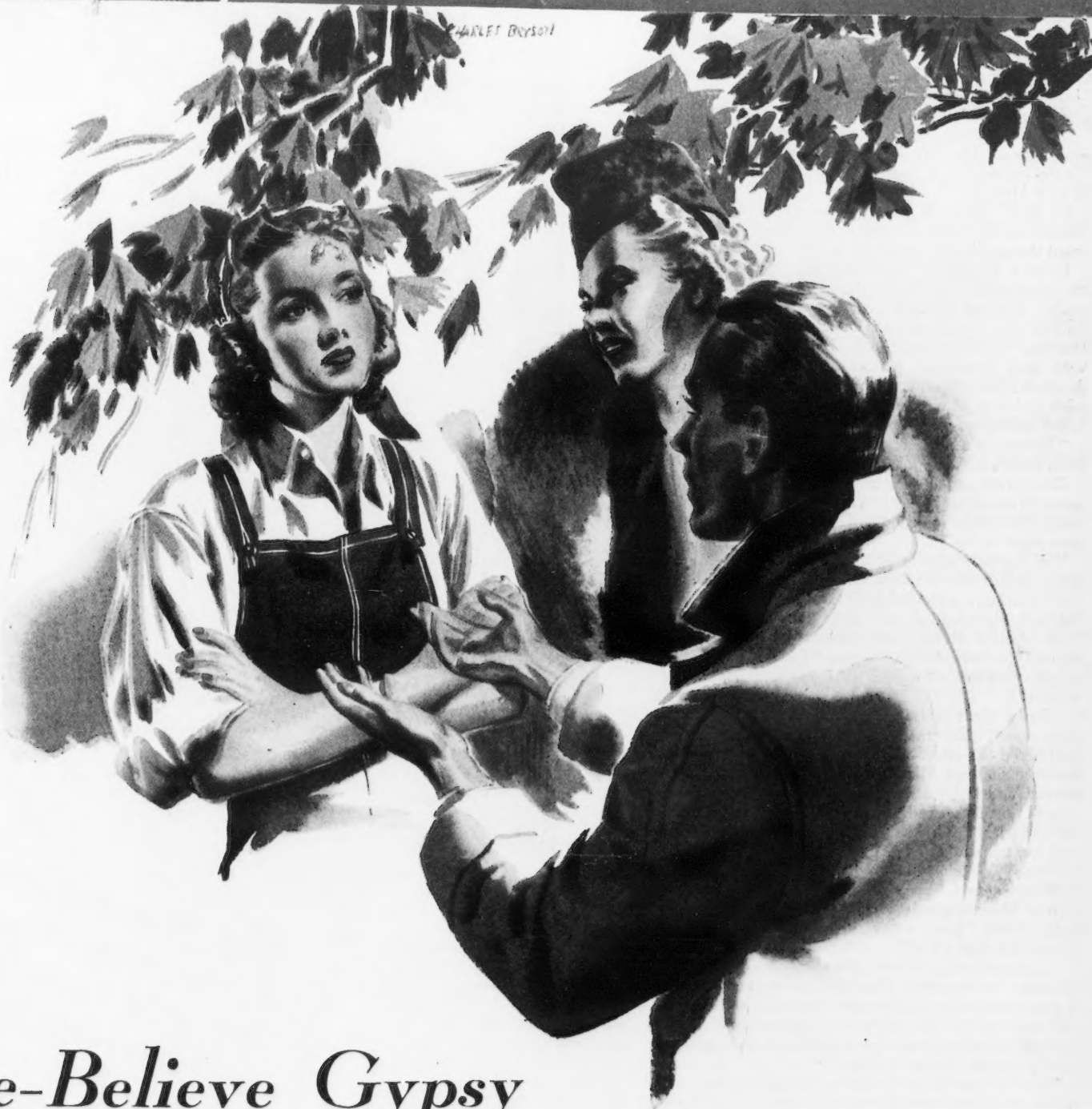
**For a complete list of contents turn to back page.**

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CHATELAINE for JANUARY

*presents*

... the opening chapters of a new serial ...



The gypsy flashed him a scornful glance and looked down at his hands without touching them.

## Make-Believe Gypsy

By REITA LAMBERT

THE LONG CAR came speeding up the long hill. On either side of the smooth concrete the fields were bright with autumn color; and the car was as bright with shining paint and chromium. November had lavished her richest gifts on the lovely rolling countryside; man and money and nature had lavished theirs on the two young people in the car—a fair-haired girl lovely as early dogwood blossoms and the bronzed, broad, clear-eyed boy at the wheel beside her.

The girl, snugly wrapped in her soft grey squirrel coat, squirrel-banded hat on her golden head, a great golden chrysanthemum on her shoulder, was smoking lazily. She said, "This doesn't seem shorter to me—

if anything I'd say it was longer, I think you're wrong."

"It is, though," he said. "Over seven miles shorter than the Post Road. Boy, look at the color of those trees!"

"I suppose it seems long because it's so deserted looking."

"Yes, it's mostly farmland. Light me a cigarette, will you, darling?"

She took one from her tortoise-shell case, held it to the lighter and hoped they would not be late for the game. There was always so much confusion, so many people milling around, and today the stadium was sure to be jammed. Not that she minded missing the first

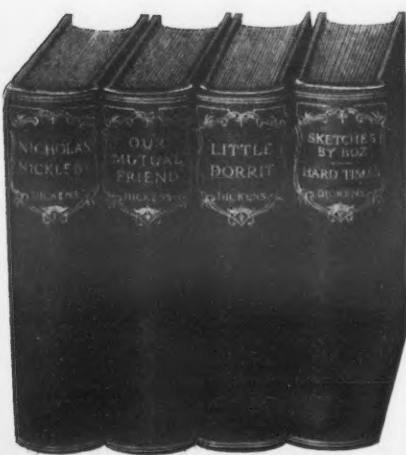
kickoff. She had never cared greatly for football, but everybody went to the games, everybody expected you to go. It was the thing you did on November Saturdays. She had been doing it regularly ever since her debut—even before. And she always remembered it was after a football game she had met Dave. He had made some brilliant passes but she hadn't noticed him until a girl beside her said, "Look, Ellen, that's Dave Ramsey—the big blond one." Since she was blond herself, Ellen had never been attracted by blond men. But Dave's thick, wiry hair was a ruddier blond than hers and his skin much darker. It made him very striking looking, the combination of crisp fair hair and deeply bronzed skin.



This is a much reduced illustration of the regular edition.



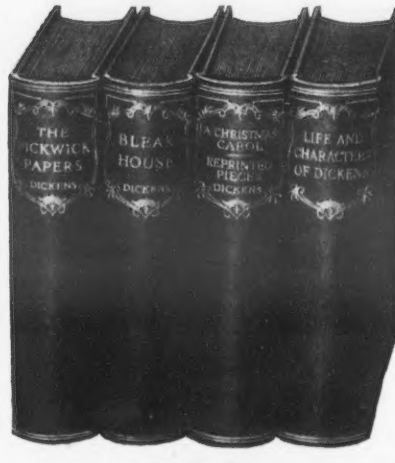
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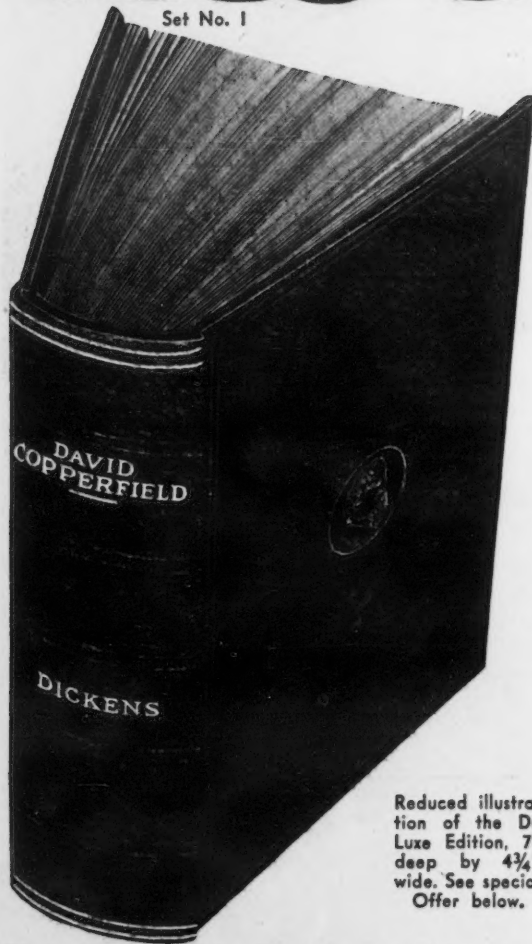
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Ellen laughed excitedly and stripped off her gloves. "Dave, give me some money—I want her to read my fortune."

was to remember that moment: the crisp, bright, autumn-smelling afternoon; the girl in her dusty overalls with the tightly wound bandanna emphasizing the slightly oriental tricorn of her face, and the look she flashed him from the biggest and angriest brown eyes he had ever seen. At the time he was too occupied in hoping that she would refuse the dollar as she had the dime, to think of anything else.

But a dollar is ten times as tempting as a dime and, of a sudden, the girl took it, pocketed it, lowered her eyes to Ellen's hands. For a moment she held them in her own grimy little paws, then she said in the dreamy singsong of the Romany, "What would the pretty young lady know of the future?"

"Oh, everything," Ellen said. "Tell me if—well, if anything exciting is going to happen to me."

The gypsy bent her head lower over those narrow, satin-smooth white hands. She turned them this way and that and the sun struck deep into the fiery heart of a great marquise diamond, setting it burning and quivering with a hundred lovely colors. "Exciting," she said, studying the palms again. "Many people would think that already exciting things had happened to you. You have money and beauty and you are loved—these things are exciting—"

"But is anything exciting going to happen to me?"

"Yes, indeed. You are going to be married—"

Ellen laughed. "That's not fair! You saw my ring."

"Well, what sort of man am I going to marry?"

The gypsy's shoulders lifted and fell. "That I cannot say—except that he should be dark. Yes, I see a dark man here in your hand—slight and not very tall, perhaps, but most distinguished. This may be the man."

"Ah!" Ellen lifted delicately arched brows to Dave; her eyes were dancing. "I don't recognize the gentleman. This is exciting. Am I going to meet him soon?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, what else? Do you see anything else?"

"I see a fair man," the gypsy said, peering closer. "Fair and tall and handsome—and very merry. Ah, yes, he is a very merry young man, indeed—but I am afraid he is not worthy of you, my pretty young lady."

Ellen laughed aloud and Dave joined her quite as heartily. "Marvellous!" he said. "She's clairvoyant, all right!"

Ellen dropped her hands to grab his. "Let her read yours—please, Dave!" for he had drawn them away. "You can have the rest of the dollar's worth."

He shrugged, managed to produce a careless grin and held out his hands to the gypsy. "Okay. Maybe for half a dollar she'll find me a buxom brunette."

The gypsy flashed him another scornful glance from those smoking brown eyes and looked down at his hands without touching them.

"Well," Ellen prompted, "what do you see?"

"I see," said the gypsy in a low voice, "a shop window full of pretty trifles, all the bright and shining things that money can buy—parties and pretty ladies and

rare jewels, and flowers that fade in a night. All these things I see in the shop window—and nothing of value in the shop." Then she turned abruptly and went striding into the house.

Ellen looked wide eyed at Dave. "For heaven's sake! What did she mean?"

Dave thrust his hands in his pockets and turned back toward the car. "Give her another dollar and she might explain," he said. "Come on, let's get going."

Ellen followed him, her surprise giving way to mirth. "But darling! So you're a lovely shop window full of parties and pretty ladies—" she burst into a peal of laughter. "Honestly, of all the weird things to say!"

Dave poured water into the radiator. "I hope you got your money's worth."

"Oh, I did!" She laughed again. "And she couldn't have meant you were that fair man who wasn't worthy of me, could she?"

"What do you think?" he said, as he threw down the empty pail and climbed in beside her. "She said he was tall and handsome—"

"And merry," Ellen said. "I mustn't forget the merry—Dave, be careful! You're backing right into that pile of dirt." And, when they were safely on the road again, she said, "And I mustn't forget that dark man, either."

"You might advertise for him," Dave said.

"Oh, no, I'm going to meet him. It's fate."

"Then of course you'll recognize him," he said.

"Well, anyway, it was fun—Dave, don't drive so fast! You'll heat up the engine again—and don't you dare try to pass that truck!"

"You want to get to the game, don't you?"

"Yes, but I'd like to get there whole."

"I didn't think you cared if you never got to a football game."

"Today is different. I might meet that distinguished dark man—"

"Oh, cut it, El."

"I won't. And you needn't be so disagreeable just because the gypsy said—"

"She was no more a gypsy than I am. She knew perfectly well that we were engaged, and was sore with me for asking her to pump the water so she made up that stuff just to get even."

"You just want to believe that she wasn't a gypsy because—"

"And you want to believe she was, I suppose. Well, if I had another dollar, I'd make a little bet with you."

"Oh, stop harping on your old dollar. I'll pay you back if you like. It was worth a dollar to me."

The irritation he had been trying to keep under control burst its bonds. "To hear you were going to marry a shop window with nothing in the shop! Maybe you believe she was right."

She said coldly, "Well, it is kind of weird how often they do seem to hit the nail on the head."

The moment it was out, she realized how badly it sounded, but she did not apologize. She was too angry. He was acting like a sullen child. And all over nothing. She had only meant to tease him a little and, gypsy or no gypsy, it had been fun. Fun to hear that a distinguished dark man was coming into her life. Not that she believed it, of course, but even if it was silly you couldn't help getting a kick out of that sort of thing. And why should the gypsy have invented a dark, distinguished man? Perhaps she really had seen such a person in "the pretty lady's" hand? Everybody knew gypsies were psychic. And why should she have said that the handsome fair man wasn't exactly worthy of her?

Funny, Ellen thought, that was exactly what her father had said of Dave before they became engaged. "Just a good-looking playboy. Just one of these light-minded social sponges," he had said. Ellen slid a glance at her fiancé's face now—straight-nosed, lean-cheeked, laughter lines already traced around the mouth and eyes. Laughter came easily to Dave—as the gypsy had said, he was a merry person. It was this that had attracted Ellen to him from the first. He wore life as lightly and easily as he wore his well-tailored clothes. She had been mad about him, determined to have him. Now she had him, in the spring they would be married—though she had always planned to marry a dark man—

BACK IN the old ramshackle house, a grey-haired woman came toiling down the ramshackle stairs with a blurred but once fine mirror in her arms.

"Who were those people ♣ Continued on page 29



And his eyes were grey, so that was all right, too. Their children, if they had any, would probably have hazel eyes and she hoped their hair would curl naturally like Dave's.

She tossed her cigarette over the side of the car. "Shall I turn the heater down a little, darling?" she said. "The heater isn't on," said Dave. "Or is it! It's mighty hot underfoot!"

Ellen looked at the heater switch. "No the heat isn't on, but what's wrong—my feet are just about roasted. The engine must be getting hot."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Dave, taking a look at the engine heat indicator on the dashboard. "The engine's just about boiling!"

He guided the car to the side of the road and pulled up. Now, with the engine still, they could hear the steaming commotion that was going on in the radiator. "Listen to that," said Dave, "she's boiling—and not a garage in sight!"

"There's a house over there. You could probably get some water." He started to get out, but she said, "Oh, it's too far to carry it away back here. We'll never get to New Haven!"

He said, "Okay, if you want to take a chance on busting up the radiator," and started the engine again, eased the car slowly toward the house.

It was a weathered, ramshackle place that had faced the winding old road before the new one had tossed it aside. It faced nothing now save a loop of cracked asphalt and untidy mounds of dirt left by the road builders. Its blinds hung loose, its lawns were matted with dead grass, but Dave's fear that it was also deserted lifted when he saw the clutter of bundles and odds and ends of furniture on the back porch and the half-filled station wagon parked beside it.

"There must be someone here," Ellen said. "And look, there's a well."

Dave drove carefully up the rutted driveway. He was about to sound his horn when he saw an overalled figure beside the station wagon. He yelled, "Hello there, may I have some water?"

The figure instantly vanished behind the station wagon and it was not until Dave had climbed out and started across the matted grass that it replied. "There's the well—right behind you. Help yourself."

He glanced at the crude wooden well top and addressed the invisible figure again. "Thanks, but could I trouble you for a bucket? I'm having some engine trouble."

After a short pause, the figure left its retreat and disappeared inside the house. Ellen got out of the car and flexed her arms. When the figure emerged with a battered zinc pail, Ellen saw that it was a girl dressed in overalls and a blue denim shirt and with a red bandanna wound round her head. But Dave had gone back to the car and when he saw the pail he called, "Thanks, buddy. Fill her up and bring her over here like a good boy, will you?"

Ellen laughed. "She's not a boy, she's a girl, darling."

And Dave, gingerly loosening the hot radiator top said, "Well, I guess a girl can use a dime as well as a boy, can't you, sister?"

The overalled girl's dark eyes swung from the man to the car, from the car to Ellen and back again. "Yes, but I guess a man can pump water even better than a girl," she said, and set the pail on the sagging boards of the porch. Then she picked up a roped bundle and heaved it easily into the station wagon.

Dave left the car and made for the pail. As he passed Ellen, he winked and said in a voice loud enough for the girl to hear, "I guess maybe the young lady's got a dime."

Ellen shrugged contemptuously. "These people. They'll take a tip quickly enough, but ask them to do something—" She broke off, her eyes on a small, rain-blurred sign tacked to a tree trunk. She could just make out the words, "Palms Read" and she said to Dave, "Oh, look, they're gypsies—I thought she looked like a gypsy."

Behind her a voice said sharply, "That water's ice cold, mister. If you don't want to crack your radiator you better wait till she cools off."

Dave lowered the pail, annoyed to the point of blushing. But he said carelessly, "Right you are, sister. Smart girl, aren't you?"

The gypsy turned her back on him and picked up another bundle. Ellen said to her, "Do you tell fortunes? Can you really read the future?"

The girl heaved her bundle into the station wagon. "Oh, sure."

Ellen laughed excitedly and stripped off her gloves. "Dave, give me some money. You have to cross their hands with silver." She extended her palms to the gypsy. "Read mine!"

"Don't be childish, sweet," Dave said.

"It's not childish. Kay Kendall had her palm read at the Velvet Ball and they told her someone she loved was going to have some trouble and a week later her mother's pearls were stolen."

Dave came across the grass, his hand in his pocket. "I haven't any silver except that dime."

"Don't be stingy."

"Well, if it's worth a dollar to hear that your mother's pearls are going to be stolen—" He held out a bill to the gypsy. "Here you are, Esmeralda. Do your stuff, but make it snappy, will you?"

Often and often afterward he



*When Marta Ross invented fortunes for two strangers.. how could she realize that she was to change the whole course of life for the three of them?*

Illustrated by Charles Bryson



Chlorie sat down abruptly. "What do you mean? Is this something new, not caring about college?"

"Well, I been thinking," he stretched his long legs under the radio. "Gee, Chlor—mother, you've been working for me for years. Now I think it's time I got busy and took care of you so you can stay home and be the kind of mother you ought to be."

Chlorie flinched in her seat, straightened. So it was for this she'd made herself into father, mother and friend, for fifteen years! But nonsense! He was merely so young he couldn't know. A little old lady, designed by a radio tenor

"But I like my job, Hammy," she said carefully.

"Yah, I know!" There was a decidedly anti-feminist look around Hammy's jaw. "Sure you like it. But I'm the man of the family now. And it's time you stayed home and acted like a real mother."

Chlorie got up, pulled the lamp chain, her back to Hammy. "That's very sweet of you, dear. But inasmuch as I've waited this long, I can manage another few years till you're through with college."

"College is out. I'm going to get busy and work for a real home now."

"What do you mean by a real home, Hammy?" She dropped her hand to his shoulder. "Do you mean a house with a fence around it, me in the kitchen and—the tired businessman getting off the evening train, and all that?"

"Well, isn't that more like a home—than this?" He glanced around the modern living room, with tears in his eyes.

Her arms were alive with a wish to gather him to her.

"But, Hammy, this is the twentieth century. Home has a new definition. So has service, sacrifice"—her voice caught—"any virtue."

"Whatever that means," said Hammy.

"That means home isn't any less a home because it has electric refrigeration and a vacuum cleaner. A mother's no less a mother," she clenched her hand behind her back, "because she keeps young and independent instead of the dear old white-haired mother you have in mind. A modern mother's capable, I'm sure, of all the sacrifice and service and love the little old lady in her shawl is. Plus a lot more the little old lady didn't even know about. Do you see?"

His eyes narrowed. "No, I don't. You're awfully clever, mother. Much too clever for me. But there are some things I know." He turned the radio dial thoughtfully, and out from another station popped the little old lady.

"Yes," he repeated, "there are some things I know, too." If that was the type of mother Hammy wanted, frankly, Chlorie didn't see what she could do about it, and keep on paying the rent, too.

WHEN Ben Collins came, Chlorie was getting out of her working clothes and into a dinnery thing of black that made her grey eyes more subdued. She fixed that by making her lips very red, and when she was finished she was quite all she should be.

Had Ben been a father, he would have been exactly the old-fashioned father that Hammy admired. Ben was very fond of Hammy, but believed in being very firm with children—which was something Hammy didn't know about past generation parents. Chlorie was

quite sure if she had asked Ben his definition of home and mother it would coincide exactly with Hammy's. But she had no intention of asking.

When she went into the living room, Ben was talking foreign affairs to Hammy. Chlorie didn't much like Ben's way of talking foreign affairs to him.

"I will not," said Chlorie, after Hammy later went to disturb the evening calm with a few chemical experiments, "absolutely will not have you mold Hammy's opinions, Ben."

Ben patted her hand. "Nonsense! He needs the sound point of view I give him."

Chlorie looked at Ben's face set in a man-of-affairs fashion on his shoulders. It was a good strong face; would probably outwear ten like hers. It wasn't a face that would tighten with anxiety and pain. Nor would it ever be convulsed with merriment nor fly away with ecstasy. It was just a very good face that never varied. And she was sick of looking at it night and day.

Why, then, had she permitted Ben's face to occupy so large a part of her and Hammy's lives? Naturally, because Ben made up to Hammy for the father he hadn't known. Perhaps she was a perfect idiot to give that even a thought, only she'd wanted to make something pretty grand of Hammy. She herself didn't count.

"Is anything wrong with you and Hammy?" said Ben. "Thought I detected an early frost when you came in."

"Hammy doesn't approve of my type of mother."

Ben lighted a cigar. "Naturally."

"Meaning?" said Chlorie.

Ben leaned forward. + Continued on page 24



Hammy, barging through the door, took in the sight of Chlorie in Ben's arms and let out a whoop.





She had grown happy in her job, but her son wanted her to stay at home and be an "old fashioned" mother.

# Little Old Lady

By MILDRED MESIROW

SOMETHING was definitely the matter with Hammy. Only last week he'd been just Hammy Swift, sixteen going on seventeen; triumphantly handsome (Chlorie's description); sweet, spontaneous, a little dirty behind the ears.

But this week! Chlorie studied her son from behind the unpleasantly truthful, comparative sales record of the sports wear department of Collins, Inc. Bad figures for the year, and on top of that, Hammy in a state. He was, she saw, frankly glaring. She sighed. In his own time, his own circumambient fashion, he'd probably come out with it.

The radio went full blast. Hammy could study only with a lot of noise in the room. Chlorie checked her miserable seven per cent increase against last year's operations. Tomorrow Ben Collins would call her to the office and say, "Ahem," and ask the meaning of that.

Tonight, of course, he would say nothing about the matter. Ben Collins would no more have mentioned business to Chlorie Swift when he took her to a theatre or a concert than he would have mentioned during business hours that he loved her. Collins wasn't one to mix business with pleasure.

"Look here, Chlorie!" exploded Hammy, "I hate to interrupt you," (glare), "seeing how busy you are," (glare), "but I gotta talk to you about something pretty important."

"Of course, darling." Chlorie put the sheets on the table.

"Well, there's a button off my overcoat."

"Trot it out. We'll have it on again in the twinkling of an eye."

Eight or ten times Chlorie failed to thread the needle. Then the thread split and it had all to be done over again. Hammy sat patient as a martyr. Finally, miraculously, she got the button in place, inserted the needle, and pushed. Straight into her underneath finger.

"Ouch! Oh, dear, I'm not very good at this sort of thing."

"'Course you don't know how to sew. In business all day and everything. You can't be a businessman and cook and sew and all the rest of it, can you?"

Chlorie sewed doggedly. No, you can't be a businessman and—she blinked very hard. Adolescents were little beasts, she assured herself. They didn't realize their power to hurt you.

"There, try and get that off!" She snapped the thread, smiled at Hammy while handing him the coat.

With some reluctance he smiled back, kissed the top of her head. "Thanks, Chlorie."

She reached for her sales report. Hammy's hand, purposeful and none too clean, shot down over hers. "Can't you ever skip it—not even for one evening?"

"Easily." Without another word Chlorie put the ominous sheets into her brief bag.

TO LOOK at Chlorie you'd have said she had no more business with ominous sheets than she had with—say a steam roller. Incontestably Chlorie was forty-one. But her size-fourteen dresses contested it. Her complexion disputed it. The humorous expression of her eyes and mouth repudiated utterly the fact of Chlorie's being forty-one.

She never gave the matter much thought, truth to tell. She did her weekly stint at a beauty shop, kept smart and young from a sense of obligation, both to her job and to Hammy. Hammy wanted to be proud of her. It was her business to see that he was.

"Will you be up late tonight, darling?" said Chlorie. Hammy still hadn't told her what he wanted to talk about.

He didn't answer. He stared transfixed at the radio, raised his hand to silence her.

"Little old lady," sang the radio tenor, "passing by, Catching ev'ry one's eye. You have such a charming manner, Sweet and shy. Little old bonnet set in place, And a smile on your face, You're a perfect picture in your lavender and lace—"

This was unlike Hammy's usual choice of program. Truckin', Struttin', Flea Hop—Chlorie knew all about those. She'd lived through Buck Rogers, Bobby Benson, Dick Tracy, too. But—

"Little old lady, you're just like that little old lady I hold dear to me—"

Hammy's face was absolutely inspired. That would be just too ridiculous, thought Chlorie, if the innocuous little song were putting into his head an ideal to which she couldn't possibly live up. To which she had no wish to live up. Chlorie, a little old lady in lavender and lace!

"Darling," she put her hand under his chin, "Ben's coming tonight. Will you need me for anything?"

"No, thanks." Hammy drew away. "I did my French in school. That'd be all I'd need you for."

"Is it going better?"

"Guess I'll wangle 'C' this term."

"But that's not college entry grade, Hammy—"

"Well, who said anything about college?"



A modern mother, keeping young, she paid her weekly visits to the beauty shop.

Illustrated by Walter Heffron

*A distinguished Canadian soldier presents a startling suggestion as to what may lie in store for our women*

By  
Lieut-Col. FRASER HUNTER,  
D.S.O., M.P.P.

ous battalions of Russian women were embodied in the Red Army, but few of them displayed any *esprit de corps*. The women in the Red ranks fought mostly voluntarily, silently, often heroically, just as all Russian soldiers do. They rarely complained of the lack of food or fuel, yet for the most part they remained indifferent to anything, even the cause of the new Republic, provided they, like the rest of the Red Army, could obtain clothing, food and shelter. They had no politics, no *élan*, and generally detested military service. Mostly they were surly, yet dogged, apparently finding in the confusions of the day, when men were at a premium in battle, that they would serve because they could do nothing else. They had neither manners nor morals, but served voluntarily because they knew that if they didn't they would be compelled to. Contrast these conditions of twenty years ago with the effective organization in practice in Russia today, in which several hundred thousand women have already been trained as pilots, observers or expert parachuters.

The women of Ethiopia, Spain, China, and other countries who fill the headlines of the press, are all fight-

ing basically for the same thing—the defense of their homes. With the enemy at their gates, they have cast aside all tradition and have taken up arms to defend themselves. But more significant even than these women who are fighting because they must, are newspaper reports and photographs of women throughout the world who are training themselves for participation in war, should it prove necessary.

Can Canadian women pooh-pooh altogether the idea that such a destiny could await them? If our women had to face the same crises as other women have endured, would they too elect to take part in a war which, without question, would be a war of survival? In modern warfare, bombs are no respecters of race, creed, color or territory, and in such a struggle I can envisage men and women fighting side by side in a common cause.

For the mechanization of war has changed its form. The pushing of a button, or the pulling of a lever has no relation whatever to sex, and if mechanization means anything, it means the supreme application of all science to the destruction of the human race. The chief task of this method of warfare is to destroy the enemy's will to war. Due to advanced aviation and long-range fire, the methods employed will increasingly be attacks upon centres of industry and population. Noncombatants and civilians will be the objectives of "frightfulness," and the safest place will probably be in the fighting lines—not at home.

NOW THE thought of Canadian women taking up arms to defend their homes may seem like some fantastic dream to some of you. But when a motor can reach a speed of three hundred and twelve miles an hour; and airplanes, directed by radio, approach the speed of a meteor—six hundred miles an hour—loaded with messengers of death, it seems that we in Canada no longer rest in safety behind thousands of miles across oceans. Even the Arctic proves a good path to destruction for us. It would be possible for a hypothetical enemy, within the brief space of an afternoon, to blot out many of the fair cities of Canada.

With the world in a chaos, the possibility that Canada might one day be involved in a catastrophe cannot be dismissed as utterly improbable. And with the women of so many countries involved, the thought that perhaps our own women might take some active part in such a struggle should be considered.

Women have proved already that they have many attributes which would be of value in a mechanized war. They need to learn nothing from men in the matter of

courage, endurance, loyalty or sacrifice. From the moral standpoint, it is only the novelty of women's battalions which today disturbs conventional opinion. If she wants to, a girl can find as much trouble in her ordinary life as she could in the army. Even in the matter of physical strength, granted good organization and selection, women units could possibly measure up to the requirements of field service.

But field service will not be so important in the next war, since, as I have pointed out, war will be directed upon noncombatants. War is a science today, and women have for many years been among the foremost in the world of research. Women may often make bad mothers, but they also make good lawyers, doctors—perhaps warriors.

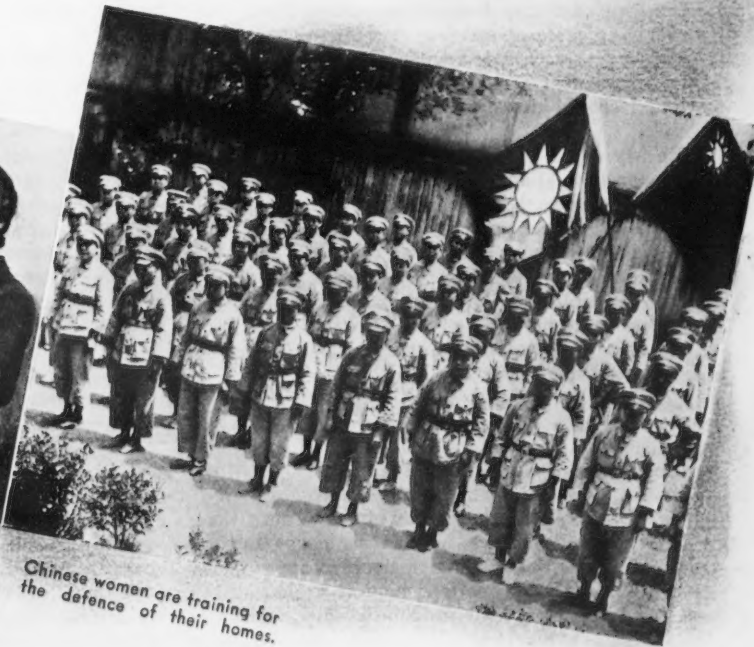
As soldiers, women would excel in the study of strategy. I believe that in the future the education of our women may conceivably entail O. T. C. training in our universities. It should one day be possible for women to partake in the several branches of staff training, as well as instruction in tactics. I suggest this, because during the last War, there was a wonderfully clever woman who really carried out many of the duties of the Chief of Imperial General Staff in the War Office in England, although her name did not appear prominently when the War honors were published. If the brains behind the C. I. G. S. in the last war were feminine, why should we scoff at the idea that the execution of the plans might be the same in the next—which will be a war of survival?

WITH SO many women fighting for their lives and the protection of their homes throughout the world today, is it not more imperative than ever that women should determine to fight tenaciously for peace? War is an obscene outrage against all intelligence—yet it is real because mass mankind consists of savages. In the matter of survival, there is no civilization today, and I believe that the picture of what is happening to women in other countries should strengthen our women's efforts to maintain a peace that is menaced so persistently.

But wishing for peace, praying for peace, hoping for peace, can never keep peace, for you can never get peace by mooing like cows at passing soldiers. If you wish peace you must fight for it, and by that I mean you. If women do not express definitely and continually their unrelenting hatred for the settlement of any dispute by war, every human creature capable of exerting force may have to take up arms against those who would destroy them. Yes, men, women and children.



A Spanish militawoman in the Aragon fighting zone.



Chinese women are training for the defence of their homes.



# WOMEN AT WAR



*Editor's Note: Lieut.-Colonel F. Fraser Hunter has had a crowded and exciting military life. He is a D.S.O., and has been awarded the Military Order of the Dragon, Croix de Guerre, Persian Medal for Valor in Gold, F.R.G.S., and has retired from the Indian Army and the Indian Intelligence Service. He spent three years in China. He commanded a squadron on the Northwest Indian frontier. He was Chief of Staff to the British forces in Persia; served in Russia during the Bolshevik Revolution. He was offered command of the Chinese Northern armies, but chose to fight in France and Mesopotamia. He speaks Hindustani, Afghan, Persian, Chinese, Russian, Arabic, French and German. A Canadian, Colonel Hunter was trained at Upper Canada College and the Royal Military College. He is settled in Toronto at the present time and has twice been elected as a Liberal for the constituency of St. Patrick. Colonel Hunter's photograph is on page 20*

**T**HE NEWS photographs on this page, of women training for war or taking part in actual conflict, would be taken as a matter of course in the daily press. They have been selected from hundreds of similar

pictures showing the women of many countries fighting in defense of their homes.

Here are Japanese girls learning anti-aircraft defense. Under the tutelage of Japanese army officers, the young women of Osaka are learning how to shoot at enemy airplanes should they fly over their city.

A Loyalist militiawoman sits lodged in the steeple of a church in the Aragon fighting zone, ready to pick off any Rebels that come into range. She is one of hundreds of Spanish women who have carried arms in the front lines.

A group of Chinese women soldiers, photographed in drill formation, is similar to the brave unit of twenty-four Chinese women soldiers who were wiped out recently in a courageous defense of their homes. They were described as simple country folk, armed with old-fashioned rifles and long bayonets, and were guarding the road to the outskirts of their village.

The girls of the Cuban revolution, with their smart riding gear and well-bred mounts, might be a group of fair equestriennes belonging to a popular hunt club. Instead they are among the vanguard of armies of

women, shortly to be trained, perhaps in most of our "civilized" countries.

These pictures tell an important story that is not as new or startling as it may seem. In the Great War, thousands of women of all nationalities, whether organized as combatants or not, took all the risks and fully shared the dangers with front-line soldiers. In France it was often most difficult to maintain discipline among auxiliary organizations, for the girls became persistent "lorry-hoppers," constantly stealing rides upon transport trucks—their one idea being to get to the front line and share the hardships and excitement with the men. In every army there were strict regulations against such practices, but nothing seemed to stop the girls.

I had the honor of serving near the famous Russian Battalion of Death—that gallant band of women who, in a wave of sincerity and loyalty, had pledged their lives to the cause of the Czar. After serving gallantly on the Russian Western front, under the command of Madame Buchkareff, they perished miserably in the Revolution of October, 1917.

In the early days of the Russian Revolution, numer-



Japanese girls learn anti-aircraft defense.



Italy's women Fascists on parade.



Cuba's "Women's Army" celebrates the Cuban Revolution.

*Turn over a new leaf in your clothes outlook, says Carolyn Damon, Chatelaine's Fashion Editor. Admit your old mistakes and promise yourself you'll be the best dressed woman you know. And here's how . .*



A girl who knows how to capitalize on her individuality. She doesn't try to be pretty—but sophisticated. Courtesy Lilly Daché.



The woman who is willing to be her age can look significantly charming in clothes designed for her type.



The young femme, on the other hand, is at her best in relentlessly youthful styles.



Can you wear black? Mitzi Green demonstrates that it takes a vivid personality to use it by itself.

anything, usually, but yellowish browns. Light pale colors are best. Dark brunettes are grand in strong colors. Redheads should leave red alone, especially in neckwear, and pink, unless it is greyish or bluish in tinge, is too carrotty. Greens, greys, dark browns and lapis blues are most flattering.

**To Be My Type.** This year the designers are creating a dozen good silhouettes. Mine's among them. I must study my defects and then see that I don't emphasize them in my clothes. If I'm dark and sleek, I'll be happy about it and not try to lisp and wear ruffles. If I'm the feminine type, it's no use trying to look sophisticated and dangerous. It doesn't go over. If I'm short I'll watch broken lines, if I'm big busted there are many draped bodices, and nicely flowing skirts will hide my hips.

**To Choose My Hat From the Neck Down.** I'll stand up when I buy hats. Because they may look absolutely devastating from the neck up—and simply awful in relation to my figure as a whole. As a usual rule, big hats are for big women, and little hats for small ones. If I'm little and longing for a big hat, I'll be better with a brim that up-curves. The flat-all-the-way-around kind simply pushes me down to earth.

I'll take a good look at the back and sides of my neck, too, to see that the hat is my type of thing from every angle and fits into my general ensemble properly. And I'll get a new haircut.



**To Take Care of Tremendous Trifles.** Accessories, of course. My appearance will be no better than the smallest detail of my wardrobe. The wrong bag or an ill-chosen string of beads can ruin an otherwise perfectly slick outfit.



And too many accessories are worse than not enough. They give a woman that rings-on-her-fingers - and - bells - on - her - toes kind of look. Ordinarily, shoes matching dress and either scarf-and-bag or bag-and-hat or gloves-and-hat make a good contrast. If I go in for a third accessory color, I'll make it simply in a hankie, scarf or bag.

Besides, accessories should complement my costume in general feeling as well as in color. Alligator, pigskin, suede, wool and cashmere are grand country ideas in bags, gloves, belts and scarves. Suede, kid and silk look smart on the street, and glittering beads, jewels and chiffons are for evening.

**To Watch My Shoes.** Many an otherwise faultlessly garbed woman is, like Achilles, heel-vulnerable. So I'll watch mine with hawklike cunning. A run-down shoe is the most dispirited thing in the world.

Fancy slippers with wide straps and buckles and intricate lacings are for the thin-ankled and high-instepped and narrow-toed. French heels look and are silly with a walking outfit, and brogues really do take the fine edge of femininity off a dinner dress.

**To Be Comfortable In My Clothes.** First of all, that means having a perfect fit from the skin out. Dashing

in and buying things at the last minute—too-short stockings, brassieres with too long or short straps, girdles that hike up or won't reach, and finally slips without enough fullness, are all the kind of things that ruin the look of the very best and most perfectly cut frock. And if I buy ready-mades in clothes, I'll take time and spend money to see that they are altered so as to be absolutely comfortable in every sense. It's impossible to look smart and assured otherwise.

Secondly, I'll avoid any details that bother me—if long sleeves are a worry, I'll wear short ones, if high necks make me fidget, I'll get 'em low, if tight skirts cramp my stride, I'll have them split or fuller. I'm going to feel at home in my clothes!

**To Keep in Mind.** That tweeds, unless they're well cut, lend to the larger figure all the glamor of an English sheep dog. So when I wear rough or heavy fabrics, I'll be sure they're flattering in shade and cut by a master hand.



That there is one perfect type of dress for me, and I'll see that my wardrobe always contains it in different versions, regardless of the changing mode. And I'll always keep something by in my best colors. It's worth it.

That I'm willing and eager to be guided by a helpful saleswoman. But I won't be bullied by anyone. I'll be grateful for helpful clothes advice, but will walk out on the clerk who tries to talk me into something which I know is not my type and will surely end in disaster.





# I RESOLVE ...



Pretty Frances Drake knows how to bring out her very feminine charm with rich fabrics.



A Lilly Daché model hat which is big, yet doesn't dwarf its wearer. Black felt with gold kid.



The unusual type of girl can emphasize her interesting personality with unusual clothes.

**To Plan Before I Buy.** Because that's the foundation of all smart dressing. When I spend twice as much time as money on my clothes, I'm on my way to being consistently well-turned-out.

I'll draw up my fashion budget for a basic wardrobe that suits my needs and pocketbook, and fits into the new trends. Then I'll stick to it, and see that every single thing I buy relates to it.

A good cloth coat with three frocks (two tailored, one for afternoon), a dinner dress and an evening frock, with a velvet wrap, make an excellent clothes group. For the country, a two-piece tweed suit consisting of skirt and heavy service coat and a trio of sweaters are a grand start and should prove an excellent basic wardrobe.

**To Be My Age.** Have I been trying to double for Peter Pan? There's no more ridiculous figure than the woman who won't grow up. If I'm over thirty, I'll take a vow to keep away from the sub-deb and junior misses department. I'll get my youth through graceful, clever lines, lovely flattering colors and smart draperies. Childish clothes have the same effect on the appearance of a mature woman as a pink satin bow has on a St. Bernard. They both look pretty silly.

**To Look Attractive While I Work.** At any moment fate may walk into my kitchen or my office. So I'm going to look my best all the time. A lot of dumb women get by on their looks—and the cleverest ones have never found smartness of appearance a drawback. It only takes five minutes to powder my nose, slip on a crisp housefrock and comb my hair, if I'm at home. If I go to an office or shop, fifteen minutes

extra in morning make-up and dressing will repay me all through the day. Just starting out with a pressed frock and laundered cuffs and collar, fresh lingerie and hose does something to my personality. Makes me surer of myself. And is appreciated by my co-workers and chiefs. It's a good thing to remember, too, that big businessmen go for black with white touches, and strong husbands weaken in the face of the little woman in a fresh gingham gown.

**To Be Careful About Black.** Of course I want one black outfit. If it's sleek and shiny, or soft and rich, or sheer and delicate, it will be slimming and significant. But if it's grey-toned, dull, or harsh and heavy, it will be dowdy and sad looking. Black satin for the slim and tall, fine wool or velvet for the more generously proportioned and sheer for the tiny and dainty is a good rule of thumb. I won't wear dead black unless I'm as vivid as a hibiscus blossom. Gay color at the throat, belt, pockets or cuffs is important. Gold or jewels will add formality, fur lends elegance, suede, braid and buttons add a sporty feeling and lingerie touches make for femininity.

**To Dress for the Occasion.** It's bad taste to wear an evening gown to a clam bake. So I won't go to informal parties in trailing chiffons, or to formal dinners in tweeds. It's as bad to underdress as to overdress. And a poor compliment to the hostess. Nothing so upsets my poise, whether I know it or not, as to be a nonconformist

in dress when I'm in a group at a party or a dinner.

I can be sure of black velvet for dinner, tulle or chiffon with sequins and a short jacket for formal and very formal do's, crepe skirts with metal cloth jackets for fussed-up teas, fine wools and crepes for afternoons and tweeds and woollens for the street.



**To Scramble My Outfits Properly.** Am I the girl who can whisk a coat from one outfit and grab a skirt from another, combining them to look like a Paris model? It's a clever knack and not for fumbler. Scrambling costumes—so popular today—is a real art. Separate skirts in plains with jackets in checks or plaids are good, and vice versa. I'll watch my lines, though—a fussy feminine jacket won't look very happy with a heavy, mannish skirt. Flared jacket and pencil-slim skirt, loose-fitting jacket and pleated skirt, plain skirt and cutaway jacket are good combinations. And

I'll remember that scrambled outfits are for sport and casual wear. Not for dress.

**To Be Careful About Color.** Color is many a woman's Waterloo. I can learn what my best colors are and how to wear them—from beauty specialists and stylists and from watching women everywhere who are of my complexion, and judging the effect of different shades on them. Fair blondes should avoid yellow tones, as they throw a slight greenish cast on a lightly pigmented skin. Light browns, blues and greens, and dark colors are ideal. Greys are usually bad—especially at evening. Black is not for the pale. Ruddy blondes will be flattered by pale light colors or deep vivid shades of maroon. Red and yellow tones are bad. Pale brunettes can wear





"McKinnens' fetched \$3.50 Monday," Lee reminded him. "I guess that's top."

"They were prime," Ember said justly. "Mostly they're dry-ended with the drought. It's being so scarce holds the price up." He ran a hand along the crates as he passed by the wagon, and muscles stirred under brown skin.

Ember Terrin was magnificent, walking; in his big body was an awkward, powerful grace. He carried his head tipped back, sure of the ground and himself. His hair was breeze-tossed. Patches of sun lay in it, like the copper oaks at frosting. In the brownness of his face the eyes looked very light, straight as rain without wind. Lee tucked her hand through his arm—she had to reach up to do it.

"There's a sight of folks in town today," he said.

They walked slowly up to the auction place. People drove in to Sandhill market from all over. They passed a long queue of farm rigs waiting for their turn: knock-kneed traps and democrats, relics of lost grandeur, stout mule wagons, old cars with tattered fenders like the chewed ears of tomcats. The line inched forward.

The crowd thickened as they drew nearer the bidding. The market was held under a shed, open on all sides; a double platform ran the length of it, with a runway down the middle wide enough for a team, and benches along the sides for the checkers. Ember found a close place to stand; he held Lee before him, his hands gentling her shoulders. A load was just pulling in, the mule's ears and the tailboard flapping. A dried leather string of a man sprang down and began to uncord his crates.

"Look alive there!" the auctioneer said.

The man raised the cover of the top crate. His features were cut narrow to the pattern of defeat; the pleading in his eyes was too sharp for hope. The auctioneer took out a basket, poured them into his scooped hands and poured them back; one or two of the buyers did the same.

"All alike?" the auctioneer asked mechanically. Often neighbors made up a load together, as the Deacons and Terrins had done; that way they auctioned them separately.

"Yes, sir," the fellow said eagerly. "All white picked; the wife and kids."

The buyers bid in rotation, evening the chances. Mostly they bid in silence: lifting a finger, lifting an eyebrow, turning down a thumb to let it pass. Nobody bettered the first bid. It was all over in a minute.

"One seventy," the auctioneer said.

Something too tight broke in the corners of the farmer's mouth. "It ain't right," he cried out shrilly. "The way the crates cost, and the baskets. The crop's short. Might as well throw it to the commissioners."

The auctioneer shrugged callously. "One seventy," he repeated. "Suit yourself." And turned away.

"I'll take it," the man called after him hastily.

The buyer was a quick-stepping young fellow with sandy hair and a roving eye; his name was George. "Eight," he said, and the checker scrawled an order. George handed the two carbons down, poked up the mule with his foot; said: "That a self-starter, or do you have to crank it?" The others laughed. George was a funny cuss. The load moved forward to the vans and another took its place.

"It's a sin," Ember said indignantly. "That's Charlie Moody, over Rome way. One seventy won't hardly more'n square him on his fertilizer, and him with sixteen to the family. They should take shame of it."

"It's so," Lee agreed.

They stood a long time, watching. The wagons drawing in, and the crates opened; the owners eager, or wistful, or merely resigned. Among the small farmers the dewberries were the only crop before the tobacco; the peaches mostly came from the big orchards. Under those crate covers were months of rending labor, hopes and terrors and prayers for rain. And then in a careless moment they were gone, with a nod and a joke. Two fifty was top. Some of the men protested, as Moody had; but some were dazed.

Ember stirred uneasily. "I don't hardly know what to do," he admitted. "We can't hold the berries in this heat. Might be we'd better wait till afternoon; see if things'll pick up."

"Look!" said Lee urgently.

A great arrogant black car swooped through the people, churning them aside; it nudged its way in front of the foremost mule wagon, and slid to a stop between the platforms under the shed. On the trunk-rack rode a single dewberry crate.

"It's the Westerwoods," Lee whispered unnecessarily.

THE WESTERWOODS were city folks. When Mr. Westerwood was took poorly they'd come to Sandhill and bought the old Bunweaver place. They'd fixed it up elegant. Their doings were a marvel in the county. Folks said they had

Continued on page 39



Cynthia held out a basket of dewberries. "What am Ah off 'ud?" she asked, in her newly acquired southern drawl.



# Strange Day

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

Illustrated by Michael

DAY WAS pink and gold in the sky, and the heat was already gathering. The sense of it lay in the powdered grey fields, the deepness of white road sand that slushed to the step of the mules; the taste of it was on Lee's lips like the taste of thunder. The heat entered into her blood, setting an urgency upon her, so that she spoke out again the old quarrel that lay in the silence between them.

"Trouble with you," she said, "you got no ambition."

Ember Terrin turned toward her on the wagon seat. His autumn hair, wet from the well-bucket, was drying in ruddy spikes, hedging a forehead square-hewn to match the chin. His eyes were rain-grey. He smiled his slow, shy smile. "I got an ambition to marry the prettiest girl in the county."

Lee kicked impatiently at the nigh mule's shining rump; her toes were slim between the straps of white cotton sandals. "A better chance you'd have of that if you'd get you more to offer."

"I got love to offer," Ember said diffidently. And added: "Some day I'll have the Place."

Ember had as good as run the Terrin place ever since his pa was sheriff. Some notional, they said he was, and him so young; when he laid a pipe to the dew'ry patch in the first weeks of the drought, the whole county laughed. Every evening at dusk time, while the pines changed from green to black, Ember drew water at the well: dipping and reeling and pouring into the scoop-mouthed pipe, never breaking the rhythm, unhurried and untiring. Now the berries were prime—better than the Deacons' even, though the Deacon patch lay on the bottom by the creek. The berries rode behind them in the old wagon, twenty crates apiece, roped down against the bruising, on the way to dew'ry auction. Lee would have liked Ember to take the other wagon and the Sunday leather reins. She would have liked him to wear his store pants instead of jeans. The blue shirt was open at the neck. She could see a pulse beating in the smooth brown cup of his throat. It was the only way she knew that he was moved.

"It's a pure marvel," she flung at him, "the way you wouldn't take advantage of your opportunities. The fine job there is at Westerwoods', that most folks would have pride of the offer."

"Trouble with you," he said deliberately, "you've been getting notions from your mom's boarder."

"What if I have? She gets what she wants."

"Does she?" said Ember.

"She's going to marry a lord and live in a castle."

"And is that what you want?"

It was hard to say it out in words. Lee spread her hands before her, groping for the thought. They were slim hands and finely made, with eager, tender thumbs; but when she turned them, the palms were stained with the blue of dewberry juice. "See," she cried. "That's what I mean. I don't want the land to own me. I don't want its mark onto me."

"The stain'll wear off," Ember reminded her.

"And then what?" she cried at him. "Then the peaches, and prickly rash from the fuzz. And then the tobacco, the sticky stuff it is, the summer long."

"You wouldn't have to work out," he said gravely. "Not if we were wed."

And she answered with swift bitterness: "Not at first maybe."

"Not ever," Ember promised, "unless you chose it so." His clear look touched her body, like a tangible caress, acknowledging its beauty.

LEE WAS always the pretty one; even when she worked in the fields her skin stayed the color of butter-cream. She had the clear full forehead of all the Deacons, the face broad across the cheekbones and the swiftly pointed chin; the Deacon black hair and eyes. But there

was a fineness about Lee, a bewitchment of texture, of color. Her skin was jasmine bloom, more snow than rose, and her eyes were a deep stillness; her mouth was the full ripe of fruit ready for the gathering. Unconsciously she passed her hands down over high young breasts. The boarder had given her the silk piece. The touch of the silk brought the boarder back, and the things the boarder had said.

"She has everything," Lee repeated. "Softness and sweetness, and scent jars with gold stopples. If you have things, those things'll bring you others. That's what I mean. If you was to take the place as foreman at Westerwoods', there's no telling what would come of it."

"I have things already," said Ember gravely, "as much as any man."

"What things?"

Ember Terrin hooked a fly from the mule's back with a loop of the rope rein. "The color of the sky." He spoke at last, feeling out his words. "That is mine. The dawning and the dusking and the circle of the year: frosting and budding rain and heat and harvest and frosting weather again. The pines black against the sunset, and the green stars on the sweetgum and the gold stars in the sky." The words dropped into silence. It was the longest speech of Ember Terrin's life. He had voiced a philosophy, though the word would have frightened him. He sat staring between his knees at his boots.

Lee was moved in spite of herself. For an instant she sensed in Ember a kinship with the earth, its hard brown goodness, fragrant and rich, changing and yet unchanging; she felt beating in his body a rhythm in tune with the world, living and loving and labor. The moment passed because she had no words to hold it. It was gone, and she saw Ember again as mom's boarder saw him, plodding and unambitious.

"Don't talk foolish," she said. "You'd have those things the same at Westerwoods'."

"They wouldn't be true mine then," he insisted. "I'd be the Westerwoods' man. My ownings they would own. I wouldn't even own myself, and me living in a borrowed house that I worked for to wages."

"It's a lovely house," Lee reminded him. "It's got green blinds to it."

"Kind of new-looking, maybe," Ember said mildly. The Terrin house bore the weight of honorable years on its roof; the thought of paint was grotesque on its weathered, immutable boards.

"They've got a machine that makes electricity lights."

"Hard on the eyes, they might be."

"There's water comes right into the house. You turn a handle and the water jumps right out."

"Next thing the Westerwoods'll be tired of it and gone. They're nought but tourists, when you come to it. They'll soon be clyde with cropping."

"Maybe they'd take you away with them," Lee pleaded. "Maybe you could drive that han'some car."

"And wear leather bandage on my legs," said Ember. "And button up my shirt in the summer."

She hurried on. "But then you could find something else. Don't you see? That's what I mean. If you'd had this place at Westerwoods' there's nothing you couldn't do. Maybe we'd live in a city. Maybe we'd go to a theatre and eat in a restaurant, same's the boarder." Her voice rose like a song.

Ember Terrin did not answer her directly. He did not look at her. He sat staring at his boots. "Do you mean," he said deliberately, "that if I take the foreman's job at Westerwoods', then you will marry me?"

Lee had not meant to put it quite like that. Yet suddenly there it was. She stretched her arms over her head. Pink and gold had passed into blazing day. The



heat poured down from the polished sky and beat up again from the ground. The fragrance of scorched grass was in her nostrils, the sweetness of hot earth. The sun soaked into her flesh. Heat was tangible, like beauty; you could crush it between your palms. Heat was a power and a challenge. Lee clasped the beauty of the day against her body.

"I might, at that," she said.

THE SANDHILL dewberry auction was held on the outskirts of the town, not far from the fair ground. A spur of track ran down from the station and a refrigerator car stood on the siding; if folks weren't satisfied, they could take their chances shipping blind to the commission houses. The field buyers took their berries over the road, hurrying to beat the heat; the big vans were waiting, red and yellow with slits for ventilation, parked under the sycamores. The crowd curled between them like the eddies in low water. Ember pulled the mules firmly away from the trough; they were too hot to drink down all they wanted. He tied them in the shade.

"We'll go up and take a look," he said. "If it's opened low, might be better to hold back."



**CHEFS' HATS ARE OFF TO THESE THREE SOUPS  
AS CAMPBELL'S MAKE THEM NOW!**

MANY a celebrated club or restaurant chef nowadays concedes that when it comes to fine soup-making "he cannot do better than Campbell's". In Campbell's Soups his expert taste detects the skill that comes with years: deft choosing of ingredients, expert cooking, precise seasoning. High praise it is, but the proof is in the eating. Find out, *first hand*, how good soups can be, as Campbell's make them now! Serve these three soon.

**Campbell's SOUPS**

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

*Tender mushroom slices  
in thick, heavy cream*

It ought to be a luxury. It ought to be just for parties. There's a definite "special-occasion" quality about Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, a creamy smoothness, a fine mushroom flavor and a bounteous garnish of delicious mushroom slices in each spoonful. Campbell's chefs blend it with a lavish hand, using cream so richly thick that it will hardly pour, specially cultivated, snow-white mushrooms, and precious seasonings. Yet despite all its sumptuous elegance, it *isn't* a luxury, it *isn't* just for parties. At its modest price you and your family can enjoy it whenever you want it. (Which will likely be often!)

*Jewels for a  
smart dinner table*

Start a dinner with cups of clear, deep amber Campbell's Consommé. It's lovely to look at, fragrant to smell, and delightful to taste. Out of fine beef, Campbell's chefs simmer the good flavorful essence. Then, for delicate seasoning, they blend in carrots, parsley and celery. Finally they strain it clear as a jewel to adorn your table.

**WINTER NOTE:** A steaming hot cup of this invigorating beef consommé is a grand cockle-warmer to hand to anyone who comes in a-shiver on a blustery day.

*How many have you tried  
as Campbell's make them  
now?*

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean with bacon	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Noodle with chicken
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken with rice	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo	Scotch Broth
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	

*"Mais non! Zis one,  
we cannot match"*

This, the famous chefs will tell you, is one soup they cannot match. It has a zing, a dash, a verve to it that no one but Campbell's has ever quite captured. Is it the tomatoes? (They're extra-luscious, specially grown from special seeds.) The cooking and seasoning? (A cooking dexterity hard-earned through many years goes into every batch, every kettleful.) Whatever it is, it makes this the soup most folks like best. No other soup in all the world has won such favor, noon and night, as this tomato soup of Campbell's.





An intimate and authentic study of  
Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

## THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

*Editor's Note: In writing this delightful study of the children of our King and Queen, which is appearing exclusively in Canada in Chatelaine, Lady Cynthia Asquith has made full use of her opportunity to give us an intimate and fascinating peep into the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. As our readers will observe, one of the photographs with which we are illustrating this feature was taken by the King himself, and we are indebted to His Majesty for permission to reproduce the charming picture from his own private collection.*

**P**RINCESS ELIZABETH has regular lessons from experts in music, dancing and drawing.

All her teachers agree that she is very quick to learn and has a really remarkable memory, meticulously exact for details. Though occasionally dreamy, she is unusually logical for her age, and inspired by a resolute determination to understand thoroughly all that she is told and all that she reads, and to master completely whatever she undertakes. So, whether she is tackling a paragraph of parsing, a new step, a piece of music or a game, she will take endless trouble to get it absolutely right, and always insists on having the reason for everything explained to her.

Very well co-ordinated, she is quick, light and graceful in all her movements. In her opinions she is decided without being obstinate.

She is always delighted in her dancing lessons. Attended by about six other little girls, these classes used to be held once a week at 145, Piccadilly.

Her teacher, Miss Vacani, says she has never in all her long experience had any pupil quicker at picking up a new step than Princess Elizabeth, or one who showed more unflagging vitality and greater zeal to learn. The more difficult a new dance, the more her interest and her determination increase, and she will persevere over one particular rhythm until she has brought it to perfection. So that she may be able to practice before her next lesson, she always brings a pencil and a notebook to the dancing class and writes down any new step that she is shown.

One day, soon after the classes began, she said to Miss Vacani: "We must do our very, very best today, because Grannie Queen is coming to watch us."

Princess Margaret, for the last three years a blithe and ardent pupil, dances in a frenzy of glee, and sings nursery action-songs deliciously. Her sense of rhythm is as good as her sister's, and she, too, is wonderfully graceful. To see the two sisters trip it on the light fantastic toe together as, like colored feathers, they fly round the room in each other's arms (Princess Elizabeth taking the part of "gentleman") is a delightful sight. Besides waltzing, they can dance with spirit and accuracy Scottish reels, the minuet and any number of fancy dances.

Princess Elizabeth has been learning since 1931, and Princess Margaret started her dancing career at the early age of three.



Top: An intimate snapshot of the two Princesses taken by the King. Left: Princess Elizabeth designed and executed this line-cut, which is now a Christmas present to Queen Mary. Right: One of the latest studio portraits of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. (Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.)

Asked how she had got on at her first lesson, Princess Elizabeth characteristically answered, "Oh, I just floundered about," but Miss Vacani tells me that from the very beginning her pupil's natural poise, footwork and sense of rhythm were very much above the average.

In spite of her apparent preoccupation with her ten toes and the rhythm of the music, Princess Margaret manages to find plenty of time for conversation during these dancing lessons. In fact she talks like a running river, and many of her remarks are in the interrogative.

"Why do you wear those white kid gloves which I do not like?" she asked an assistant teacher.

"I have to wear them because Miss Vacani wishes me to," answered the young lady.

"Oh, I see!" said Princess Margaret. "So you are always obedient, like me," words spoken with a swift,

slightly challenging glance at the expressive face of one in a position to query this profession of implicit obedience.

Perhaps the listener knew that one afternoon a young visitor to Royal Lodge was forced by the younger of her two hostesses to spend (not too congenially) a whole afternoon in jumping backward and forward across the little stream that runs through the garden. Wearying of this fatiguing and dampish exercise the visitor at last asked, "But why do we go on doing this. Must we? What is the point?"

"But," answered Princess Margaret, in the voice of one able to give an entirely satisfying explanation, "but I have been told not to jump this stream!"

The usual dancing lesson was held just after the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Returning from the ceremony at which she had acted as bridesmaid, Princess Elizabeth insisted on dividing and distributing her bridesmaid's bouquet among all the teachers and pupils.

Not long ago Princess Elizabeth hatched a conspiracy among its members, planning that in one of the "action-dances" in which the performers were supposed just to bow, they should instead all fall flat on their faces. For those let into the secret, it was great fun to watch the expressions on the faces of the young conspirators, their ringleader biting her cheeks to prevent herself from laughing. The trick came off splendidly, and Miss Vacani was satisfyingly startled.

Miss Cox, their drawing teacher, tells me both the Princesses have a decided talent for drawing and plenty of inventive fancy. They are not set down to copy those rather depressing plaster casts of Caesar and Cicero

that I associate with dim memories of drawing lessons. Neither are they presented with models in the uninspiring shapes of match-boxes or tumblers of water. Instead, they are either allowed to draw entirely out of their own heads, and to choose their own subjects, or else they are given little painted plaster models of horses, houses, trees, etc., to copy, and encouraged to imagine and draw suitable backgrounds for these objects. This method stimulates both self-expression and representation.

Miss Cox says Princess Elizabeth would make even quicker progress if the standard she sets herself were not quite so high. She is apt to become a little discouraged by falling short of her ambitions, but she has very original ideas and, for her age, considerable power of execution, as can be seen in the reproduction of the line cut "done all by herself" from her own drawing of a rearing circus horse with a dress-circle of spectators, silhouettes of whose hats feature prominently in the design, which was entirely her own. This was her last surprise Christmas present to her grandmother, Queen Mary.

Princess Margaret's drawing, so her teacher tells me, is very much in advance of her age, and she shows an iron determination to keep up with the elder children of the class. She is very fond of drawing and coloring a creation of her own imagination which she calls the "Pinkle-Ponkle." Pinkle-Ponkle, a creature of great length without breadth, is as peculiar as his name, and is usually depicted mysteriously floating in the air just over a quaint little town. "If he were to come down," Princess Margaret said the other day, "he would find worm sandwiches and caterpillar jam—green jam."

Music—a very important element in the education of the two Princesses—they are taught by Miss Lander. Princess Elizabeth had her first piano lesson in May, 1933. It began with screwing the music-stool up and down. Once this pleasant

Continued on page 22



# LIVE WITH A MAN

Should your husband's affections drift elsewhere, there is plenty to do about the "other woman" problem—says Anne B. Fisher, M.D.

**I**F THERE is one thing in the world that burns a woman up, it is getting a good dinner ready, and then waiting and waiting for hubby to come home and eat it.

Your mind works like lightning, conjuring up all sorts of slights and irritating thoughts while you stir the potatoes to keep them from burning, and watch the life simply dry out of the meat in the warming oven. The biscuits are already too brown, and still he doesn't come! Besides, if you have to figure closely, there's the gas going to keep everything from being stone cold.

If he was going to be late, why didn't he phone you so that you could delay the preparation a half hour or an hour? You are beginning to reach the boiling point in temper after about three quarters of an hour. You flash from being mad into thinking that perhaps he's had an auto accident.

You're too mad to eat, and then let him take things as he finds them; besides maybe he wouldn't mind at all if he found you'd eaten. He'd actually feel better knowing you had not waited for him! Right at this point, if you are a normal woman, you won't feel like making anything easier for him. You want him to suffer for his sins. If you do eat, your food doesn't digest because you are so upset, and that adds to the irritation.

All this is your side of the picture.

Now for hubby's side. Perhaps the head of the company drifted in just as he was ready to leave, and there were things to talk over. He couldn't phone you then with the man sitting there, could he? A new idea or plan came up and had to be settled before the boss left town again—or a client had to be satisfied right away. A phone call was impossible.

Maybe something happened to the bookkeeping department and your husband had to stay until the error was found, and he had no idea how fast time had slipped away. Maybe he had to put through a rush order, or a job had to be finished for delivery and he



Nothing can equal the pride that wells up when folks admire your baby.

expected that it would only take him a few minutes. When you were working, did you always get away on time?

Don't meet your husband at the door to bawl him out when he's late to dinner. Most likely he's extra tired and upset from the late hour, and half expecting you to jump on him. When you don't, he thinks you are a paragon!

Keep your temper until you find out what's happened. A lot of women do their jumping first and their thinking afterward, and ruin everything they've spent months or years to build up. When one member of the crew is tired and weary and the other is full of temper, a lot can happen on the wrong side of the boat. It can even capsize. It takes a long time to heal the wound and forget the ugly words that have been passed around.

After you've cooled down to sanity, ask him if he'll just phone you when he thinks he'll be late. He'll remember next time; see if he doesn't!

Don't go rushing home to mamma that very night while you are sore. She's bound to take your side. You will forget and go back and be happy when the time comes; but your mother won't forget. Even if she does, your husband will know that she knows and he will be at a decided disadvantage always. The strains in families come in just this way, and if you don't watch, the crack will widen and widen with every little happening until there is a definite break between you and your husband—or with your own family, because you stick to him.

If you don't plant the seed when you are angry, you won't have either to live down or dig out the product that comes as a result. A pinch of patience at the right time saves a pound of sorrow later.

A BABY will often bring a couple together when nothing else in the world will do it. He becomes the common interest for two people of widely different natures and tastes, as they watch him grow up and go through the different stages of development. They have something to plan for together. Even a man who has been generous in sowing wild oats will change completely when he is responsible for "his son," or "his little daughter!"

Perhaps you and your husband were the victims of moonlight and roses that the crooners sing so much about, and you found out after the wedding ceremony that life wasn't turning out to be all romance. There were differences of opinion so strong that they amounted to scraps; facts to face you hadn't thought of at all when nature swept you off your feet emotionally, while you were blinded by love or infatuation; and still, you do love each other. There's no real reason why you should become patrons of the divorce courts.

If you have a baby, most of your troubles will be forgotten, as you watch for his first tooth or wait with

bated breath to see whose name he will babble first.

You won't have time to dwell on fancied slights. Your sense of perspective will develop, and things that used to be vital will slip into their proper relationship in your life as a whole.

Your husband will be so anxious to have a bit of time to play with the baby before it goes to bed, that he'll try like everything to be home on time. Troubles at the office will soon be forgotten when he takes a hand at developing the baby's brain or muscle.

Nothing can equal the pride that wells up when folks admire your baby, or remark about how bright he is. You forget the days when everything goes wrong, and he's naughty. You are grateful because he pulled through that last spell of croup. You grab onto every article that tells about child training, so that your child will be your masterpiece for all the world to see. Interests widen as he grows into a little boy, or she becomes a little girl with pink frills on her frock.

That is the happy side of parenthood. But beware of the rocks! A mother who would also be a good wife must use her wisdom as she has never used it before.

It is very easy for a mother to become so wrapped up in her child that she neglects her husband. Women who complain that their husbands are jealous of the baby usually bring on that jealousy by their own actions. They can't talk or think of anything but the baby. Just remember that before the baby came, your husband occupied a good share of your thoughts, and he notices the difference now. + Continued on next page



You've taken each other for granted and he's out after glamour again.



If it's glamour he wants, do something unexpected and gay that will surprise your husband.





Photograph by Milne Studios

## Seven Fish Dinners

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute

**I** KNOW people who would willingly drive miles for a shore dinner. They'd even walk or thumb their way if luck happened to be with them. A dinner that begins with oysters on the half-shell and wends its salty way through clam broth and the lobster entrée up to a whole resplendent salmon, brought in after the manner of the Christmas turkey—as regal a dish as you'd ever want to see and as good a one as you've ever tasted.

Without proposing as complete a piscatorial menu, my platform is more and better fish dinners any or every day in the week. Backed up with a set of jolly good reasons, speaking either as one interested in flavors and savors or for those who consider the nutritive value of every bite they put in their mouths. On the score of its wholesomeness, its delicacy to the tongue and its kindness to digestion, fish might well become the backbone of Canadian eating. Particularly if you want good value for your money as regards dietary qualities and variety for your table.

So hook on to fish when planning your main course. Give it some sharpness of flavor for accompaniment and your menu will please the most epicurean palate with which you have to deal.

To illustrate, we give you seven dinners for seven days, to be used consecutively or intermittently, as you see fit. Each one stars a different variety, cooked in a special way and supported by its natural affinities.

Grapefruit Cocktail  
Fried Fish Platter  
(Oysters in centre, surrounded by  
scallops with a border of fried smelts)  
Potato Balls  
Green Salad with French Dressing  
Deep Apple Pie Cheese  
Beverage

Fry the fish—all of them—either in deep fat or in the oven. If they go in the frying kettle, dip them first in

egg and crumbs or coat them with batter, then do your cooking at a temperature of 375 deg. Fahr. until the fish is golden brown. Strain on crumpled, absorbent paper and serve piping. The easier way is to immerse them in whole milk or undiluted, evaporated milk which is heavily salted in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each cup. Blanket them all over with fine, dry bread crumbs and lay them side by side in a baking pan, brushed with cooking oil. Sprinkle more oil over them and set the pan in a very hot oven—500 deg. Fahr.—for about ten minutes, when the fish will be tender and the crumbs brown. Simple, and one of the most satisfactory ways for almost any variety—little fellows, or fillets and slices of larger fish.

Baked Mackerel with Cream  
French Fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts  
Lemon Soufflé or Baked Lemon Pudding  
Beverage + Continued on page 42

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If you don't plant the seed when you are angry, you won't have either to live down or dig out the product that comes as a result. A pinch of patience at the right time saves a pound of sorrow later.

A **BABY** will often bring a couple together when nothing else in the world will do it. He becomes the common interest for two people of widely different natures and tastes, as they watch him grow up and go through the different stages of development. They have something to plan for together. Even a man who has been generous in sowing wild oats will change completely when he is responsible for "his son," or "his little daughter!"

Perhaps you and your husband were the victims of moonlight and roses that the crooners sing so much about, and you found out after the wedding ceremony that life wasn't turning out to be all romance. There were differences of opinion so strong that they amounted to scraps; facts to face you hadn't thought of at all when nature swept you off your feet emotionally, while you were blinded by love or infatuation; and still, you do love each other. There's no real reason why you should become patrons of the divorce courts.

If you have a baby, most of your troubles will be forgotten, as you watch for his first tooth or wait with

bated breath to see whose name he will babble first.

You won't have time to dwell on fancied slights. Your sense of perspective will develop, and things that used to be vital will slip into their proper relationship in your life as a whole.

Your husband will be so anxious to have a bit of time to play with the baby before it goes to bed, that he'll try like everything to be home on time. Troubles at the office will soon be forgotten when he takes a hand at developing the baby's brain or muscle.

Nothing can equal the pride that wells up when folks admire your baby, or remark about how bright he is. You forget the days when everything goes wrong, and he's naughty. You are grateful because he pulled through that last spell of croup. You grab onto every article that tells about child training, so that your child will be your masterpiece for all the world to see. Interests widen as he grows into a little boy, or she becomes a little girl with pink frills on her frock.

*That is the happy side of parenthood.* But beware of the rocks! A mother who would also be a good wife must use her wisdom as she has never used it before.

It is very easy for a mother to become so wrapped up in her child that she neglects her husband. Women who complain that their husbands are jealous of the baby usually bring on that jealousy by their own actions. They can't talk or think of anything but the baby. Just remember that before the baby came, your husband occupied a good share of your thoughts, and he notices the difference now. + *Continued on next page*



You've taken each other for granted and he's out after glamour again.



If it's glamour he wants, do something unexpected and gay that will surprise your husband.





Photograph by Milne Studios

## Seven Fish Dinners

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute

**I** KNOW people who would willingly drive miles for a shore dinner. They'd even walk or thumb their way if luck happened to be with them. A dinner that begins with oysters on the half-shell and wends its salty way through clam broth and the lobster entrée up to a whole resplendent salmon, brought in after the manner of the Christmas turkey—as regal a dish as you'd ever want to see and as good a one as you've ever tasted.

Without proposing as complete a piscatorial menu, my platform is more and better fish dinners any or every day in the week. Backed up with a set of jolly good reasons, speaking either as one interested in flavors and savors or for those who consider the nutritive value of every bite they put in their mouths. On the score of its wholesomeness, its delicacy to the tongue and its kindness to digestion, fish might well become the backbone of Canadian eating. Particularly if you want good value for your money as regards dietary qualities and variety for your table.

So hook on to fish when planning your main course. Give it some sharpness of flavor for accompaniment and your menu will please the most epicurean palate with which you have to deal.

To illustrate, we give you seven dinners for seven days, to be used consecutively or intermittently, as you see fit. Each one stars a different variety, cooked in a special way and supported by its natural affinities.

### Grapefruit Cocktail

### Fried Fish Platter

(Oysters in centre, surrounded by scallops with a border of fried smelts)

### Potato Balls

### Green Salad with French Dressing

### Deep Apple Pie

### Beverage

### Cheese

Fry the fish—all of them—either in deep fat or in the oven. If they go in the frying kettle, dip them first in

egg and crumbs or coat them with batter, then do your cooking at a temperature of 375 deg. Fahr. until the fish is golden brown. Strain on crumpled, absorbent paper and serve piping. The easier way is to immerse them in whole milk or undiluted, evaporated milk which is heavily salted in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each cup. Blanket them all over with fine, dry bread crumbs and lay them side by side in a baking pan, brushed with cooking oil. Sprinkle more oil over them and set the pan in a very hot oven—500 deg. Fahr.—for about ten minutes, when the fish will be tender and the crumbs brown. Simple, and one of the most satisfactory ways for almost any variety—little fellows, or fillets and slices of larger fish.

### Baked Mackerel with Cream

### French Fried Potatoes

### Lemon Soufflé or Baked Lemon Pudding

### Beverage

### Brussels Sprouts

### Baked Lemon Pudding

### Continued on page 42

# Now this New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

*Helps Women's Skin More Directly*

*"It keeps skin faults  
away more surely"*

—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy and glowing—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections. Skin faults would result.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams.

In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only three weeks!



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the beautiful lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.



*Eleanor K. Roosevelt*

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says, "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother!"

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

## *Same jars, same labels, same price*

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing,

for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue.

Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

**SEND FOR  
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd., Dept. CN-90, Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

Made in Canada

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Don't make the change too evident. You have to maintain a balance of affection between your child and your husband if you would lead a successful life. If you don't use balance, one or the other must suffer. Often it is the child because the father will pick on it unnecessarily if he is jealous—even though he loves it dearly himself! Some men are made that way.

Let him have an active share in the baby if he has the urge to help. He'll like to watch the little duffer suck on the bottle, and will hold him and see that he takes it properly, if you give him a chance. He'll amuse the baby while you get things ready, if you're behind schedule, as sometimes happens. And let him stay home sometimes at night while you hop out to a special movie you want to see. There is no reason why your husband shouldn't take some of the parental burden from your shoulders, as well as to share the joy of a baby.

If you can possibly afford it, pay someone to stay an evening each week while you both go to a movie or do something special together. The change will do you good, and you'll go back to your strict hourly schedule refreshed in body and mind. Money spent this way brings in good dividends, even if you do feel at the time that it is extravagance. Most likely it won't even be an extravagance. You can often find a high school girl who will stay for a small fee. Don't be over-anxious about leaving the baby. Nothing serious can happen in a couple of hours if he is well when you leave.

There have been cases where a man claimed that after the baby came his wife was no longer interested in outside things, and didn't even make an effort to keep up with him. Do you want a baby to break up your home? You'll need a father's help more and more as the years go on.

WHEN THE child is older, don't make the mistake of telling your husband about all the naughty things the youngster has done during the day. He'll get the notion that the child is nothing but naughtiness. And don't elect "father" as official spanker! That spoils the comradeship between father and child by a conditioning. The father will dread the disciplining job, and the child will begin to associate "father" with punishment, and not with the pleasant things. He will be sure to give mother more affection than he does father; and that will throw off the family balance. Eventually father becomes a person to outwit or fear, and the child will run to mother all the time. A woman frequently starts the habit of deception in her child by unconsciously teaching him to deceive his father, to avoid punishment.

Take your share of handing out the spansks or other punishments, and share the nice comradely impulses of your child with your husband. The trio becomes a solid family unit.

Never discuss a child or his problems when he is listening. A youngster is quick to detect differences in opinion or weaknesses, and he is an opportunist; he will wedge in and get his own way while you are arguing.

Many family tiffs are caused over who thinks he should do a thing and who thinks he shouldn't.

Hash over the problems and settle

them when he is in bed or away. Stick by your decision, and you won't have any trouble with the discipline in your home.

Then there is the business of letting the child hold the centre of the stage too much. Having a child seems to affect the brains of most parents, so that they are useless in any conversation that does not include what their child does and says. They don't realize that they are perhaps boring all their friends, and paving the way for the child to make a perfect nuisance of himself as he grows older and the tricks are no longer "cute." Often the child is condemned, when the parents are the ones to blame for playing him up so much.

When people drop in, pipe down on Junior, and you'll be more popular all-round. If they want to rave, that's sompin' else again. Even admiring friends can spoil a child and give him a false idea of himself that will be hard to adjust later in life.

SOME MEN are essentially bachelors. The fact that a minister has pronounced words over them, making them legally married, doesn't alter the nature of the beast one bit!

These men are the lover type—whether married or single. You should have found out your husband's attitude about the matter of children before you let him slip the ring on your finger. If you are the maternal type, you are sure to be unhappy without children, and resent his lovemaking and adoration, no matter how charming he is. You are not fulfilling your real longing and place in life if you want children and don't have them.

Often men who feel so violently on the subject will face facts if they find their wife is to have a baby—and after a short time they turn out to be the most doting of fathers.

If he would like to have a child some time, "but not right away," don't keep harping on the theme song of children. The least said soonest mended. Just let old Dame Nature do her stuff.

But don't expect him to be too excited over the baby at first. Let him marinate in peace, as you would a good salad that is not to be mixed too hurriedly. He'll come around all right, and be planning all about Junior's college before long.

If you don't want to have children, be frank and say so before you are married. Perhaps you have no business getting married at all. Let him have the chance to marry a girl who does

like children—if he wants them. But here's another thing to ponder. You might change your mind after a while, and think a little child running around the place wouldn't be so bad after all.

#### Don't Go to Sleep With a Quarrel

IF YOU have followed the rules laid down in these articles, you shouldn't find many things to quarrel over. But alas, we're all human, and quarrels do happen in the best regulated families. Never let any woman tell you that she has never had a quarrel with her husband. She's either telling a lie, or else he just takes it on the chin—or, perhaps, she doesn't know the definition of a quarrel. Maybe she just plain fights with him!

There is one grand thing about having a little tiff—and that is the making up. Somehow when you kiss each other, and your husband holds you in his arms and says he's sorry, or you merely admit that the whole thing was your fault, you come close together, and a strange alchemy takes place that changes a burst of temper into a realization of your abiding love for each other. Perhaps that was what the old alchemists meant when they spoke of the baser metals being changed to gold!

Don't be ashamed to make up—it has its compensations. Start afresh your life together, with all the world before you. And never, never, after a quarrel, let a single day go by before making up. Don't slam doors and try to go to sleep with your mind in a turmoil. This is a vital thing!

If you let one day go without settling and forgiving a quarrel, it is easier and easier to stick to your grievance and not give in, until your pride gets the best of you and you are ashamed to say you're sorry. After a while you don't care at all. When indifference creeps in, the Dragon of Divorce is rounding the corner of your house!

#### The "Other Woman" Problem

IF YOU have read the rules and put them into practice for at least three months, there should be no "Other Woman" problem to come into your life.

But if you just read the rules and sniffed: "Well, that might be all right, all the stuff about coddling a man along, but my marriage is different"—and you've kept to your own old habits, well, then, you're liable to wake up some day and find your husband has

drifted over to another woman who is smart enough to "coddle" him!

Most wives have a single track mind when it comes to their affection for the man they love. They like admiration from other men, and have a second sense that tells them when a man admires them. They might even do a bit of flirting, but that's as far as it goes with a happily married woman.

When your husband admires another woman, just remember that you like it when other men see your good points. Play up to your husband. Say something complimentary about a girl he admires, even if she's a flop in your estimation.

The very fact that he talks to you about her ought to tell you a lot. It isn't serious—he's just being general. You simply can't change a man's basic instincts. Men have had a weather eye out for a pretty woman ever since the time of Adam.

If you say you think the girl he admires has nice ankles, hubby will be pleased, and more sure than ever that you are the right woman for him, because your taste is just the same as his. Most likely he'll not think about her again.

But, if you go into a tantrum and point out her weaknesses, and say that she doesn't know how to wear her clothes, you will be setting up an entirely different set of reactions!

A lot of women make their husbands dwell on another woman's charms by saying catty things about her. A man will usually stick up for the underdog and try to find reasons for justifying his taste. Don't forget he has to think about the woman while he's doing it! In other words, a casual admiring remark can become an issue if you want to make it one.

Women are more tense over marriage than men. They concentrate so hard on their love that they lose their sense of proportion and think that a man wants every woman he admires. If you are that kind, for goodness sake control yourself. Find some other absorbing interest that will give you balance and perspective. Don't let your love strangle your husband and your marriage.

Men have pride, too; they want to stick to their bargain if possible. Even in these days of easy divorce, a man feels that some people might think he was to blame.

IF HUBBY has wandered away from your fireside, and you are sure of the fact, there is much to be done. Don't waste time emoting all over the place to get sympathy. Melodramatic acting went out with leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

The modern woman faces life and facts, and uses her brain for thinking purposes. She keeps a stiff upper lip, even if she has to use extra lipstick to stiffen it and help her to put on a gay front. And she doesn't peddle her troubles around among her friends if she's really smart.

What happens if you go home and tell the family? Why Brother Joe is steamed up so that he's willing to go out gunning for your husband and the "Other Woman," and that starts off some more trouble. Mother has oozed out sympathy so that the troubles take on even greater size, and, what's more, before long everybody in the block will probably + Continued on page 44

#### WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

What do you think of the possibilities as expressed in the striking article, "Women at War," by Lieut.-Col. Fraser Hunter?

Chatelaine will publish the most interesting comments—not more than 300 words — and pay for them at space rates.

Address your letter  
EDITOR, CHATELAINE,  
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TORONTO



LIEUT.-COL. F. FRASER HUNTER  
Author of "Women at War," Page ten.



the turbulence of her delicious high spirits a little more tiring than the company of his ever considerate "Lilibet," King George delighted in his younger granddaughter. And she, too, was devoted to the kind grandfather in whom she placed such implicit trust; a trust that so touchingly survived his death, for one night not so very long ago, when she was fervently praying for a much-desired object, and some sadder and wiser person than herself thought it judicious to warn her that Heaven *might* consider it not really to her own good to grant her prayer; she answered confidently, "Oh, that will be quite all right, because Grandpapa is up there now and he will see to it!"

Though Princess Elizabeth bore herself with such perfect composure throughout the Jubilee celebrations, it must not be supposed that she was unmoved by the emotions and strain of that memorable day. When asked if she had enjoyed it, she answered, "Oh yes, I loved going in the procession, but it *did* make me a little shy all those kind people shouting and waving."

ABOUT FIVE months later the Princesses made another public appearance, when the bells of London again pealed out the national joy, this time for the wedding of "Uncle Henry," Duke of Gloucester. On this occasion both sisters acted as bridesmaids to their new aunt and, dressed in stiff frocks of pearl-pink satin veiled with fine white net, and trimmed with rosebuds, with golden sashes round their waists and wreaths in their hair, they walked side by side up the aisle as train-bearers, looking enchantingly demure.

A few weeks later Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret both wore their bridesmaids' dresses at the Christmas party given to all the tenants on the Sandringham estate. After the great glittering tree with its wide-spreading, decorated branches had been fully admired, Princess Elizabeth and Lady May Cambridge distributed the presents, and then "Uncle David" and "Uncle George" untied the crackers from the heavily laden branches of the tree and the children threw them to the company.

"I hit one dear old man full on his bald head, and he laughed!" gleefully announced Princess Elizabeth.

The evening before this party, Queen Mary had given each sister two rows of pearls that had belonged to their beautiful great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra.

This was the very first Christmas the little Princesses had ever spent away from their parents. Their mother, who had been seriously ill with an attack of influenzal pneumonia, was still unable to leave Royal Lodge, and their father remained with her. King George and Queen Elizabeth did not at all like this separation from their daughters, but they had not the heart to deprive the devoted "Grandpapa England" of their company, and when soon afterward it became clear that this Christmas was to be his last, they were very glad that they had made this sacrifice.

Only a very short time after this Christmas party, the death of her beloved grandfather brought the first real sorrow into Princess Elizabeth's life.

She said very little about her feelings. It was as though she could not yet bear to speak of him. But for some time

her health was seriously affected by her grief. A pathetic little figure in black, controlled but very pale and awestruck, she attended the beautiful funeral service at Windsor, and tremulously curtsied her last good-by to "Grandpapa England."

"Old Man Kind," she used, owing to a childish misconception, to call him. Once at a Sandringham Christmas party, while the Royal Family were listening to the carol-singers, the words, "Tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind," rang through the room. Princess Elizabeth, who was still very young, misheard these words and thought they were singing "old man kind" instead of "all mankind."

"I know that old man kind," she said fondly when the song had died into silence. "That's you, Grandpapa England. You are old, and you are very, very kind."

At a stated time every morning, Princess Elizabeth used to stand at the window of her nursery in Piccadilly and wave a white handkerchief in the direction of Buckingham Palace, and there was an understanding that at the same time "Old Man Kind" would be at his window looking toward his little granddaughter. Thus every day the two wished one another good-morning.

With the death of her devoted grandfather something irreplaceable went out of Princess Elizabeth's life. It may be said to have ended the first happy phase of her childhood, to have challenged and forever destroyed that sense of personal immunity which blesses a sheltered infancy.

THE YEAR 1936, during the course of which three Kings in succession reigned in England, was one of the most momentous in the whole history of our Royal Family. Four times the Knights of Arms, the Heralds and the Pursuivants of the College of Arms proclaimed to the people the "Royal wish and pleasure of the King."

During December, no amount of loving vigilance could have availed to keep the little Princesses in sheltered ignorance of the whirlwind of crisis sweeping around the throne. Within a year of their grandfather's death came the bewildering news of their uncle's abdication and the realization that their own father must now take up his brother's burden and become Monarch of the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

I happened to see the two sisters the day after their father's accession to the throne. To all appearances, quite her own blithe carefree little self, Princess Margaret seemed to be taking a purely personal view of the historical crisis. "Isn't all this a bore?" she prattled. "We have got to leave our nice house now!" and a little later she exclaimed, "Just think! I had only just learned exactly how to spell York—Y-O-R-K—and now I am not to use it any more! I am to sign myself just 'Margaret' all alone!" As though it involved some mysterious loss of her own identity, this disuse of her second name continued to rankle in the little Princess's heart, and a few weeks later she was heard to complain, "Since Papa turned King, I don't seem to be anybody at all!"

Though showing all her usual remarkable self-control on that dramatic afternoon, Princess Elizabeth's eyes

## "It was worse than a slap in the face"



A few months ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.



When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.



It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.



So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

Copr., Fels & Co., 1937.

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**



## "Run along home with that cold, Bill"



*Wise parents, like wise teachers, know that the best place for a child with a fresh cold is home, resting in bed.*

WHAT seems to be "just a cold" often turns out to be the beginning of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough or some other contagious disease that may be epidemic. Keep your sick child away from other children. If the symptoms persist or there is fever, send for the doctor.

No person of any age should neglect a cold. In its early, acute stage the infection is easily spread, often sweeping through entire families, schools and factories.

By allowing a cold to drag on without proper treatment, you may let down the bars of resistance to pneumonia. If you take care of colds, and others do the same, everybody would be spared many serious illnesses.

Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lungs. It comes on usually with a chill, followed by a high fever, accompanied by pain in the chest or side, and coughing. A doctor should be called without delay. With prompt medical treatment and competent nursing, pneumonia can usually be controlled.

There are more than 30 kinds of pneumonia. Each is caused by a different type of germ which can be identified. An increasing number of laboratories have facilities for rapid sputum "typing." The serums now available for certain types of pneumonia are highly effective, provided they are given in time.

Start a simple course of treatment at the first signs of a cold. Rest in bed, if possible, or at least indoors. Eat lightly. Drink plenty of water and plenty of broth and citrus fruit juices. With precautions it is unlikely that a cold will develop into serious illness.

Colds and pneumonia both may follow lowered bodily resistance. There is much that can be done to keep vitality high during the coming winter months. The Metropolitan's booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" contains many practical suggestions on building resistance against such infections. Send today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 1-L-38, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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## The King's Daughters

Continued from page 16

preliminary was over, she settled down and took her first lesson with intense seriousness. She was shown some finger exercises and wrote down the notes in the treble and bass clefs.

In the middle of this tense first lesson Princess Margaret frolicked into the room and, unappreciative of the seriousness of the situation, began irreverently to strum on the piano. "No, no, Margaret, please don't interrupt us!" begged the budding pianist, intently watching her own hands and painstakingly trying to lift her fingers exactly as she had been told.

After this initiation, Princess Elizabeth had a music lesson at half-past nine every morning and soon proved herself a very promising and painstaking pupil. She worked really hard, always practicing between the lessons and acquiring a good firm round touch. The first time she played a whole piece right through by herself, she exclaimed, "How thrilled Mummie will be, and I think she will be surprised, too!" and by the end of this first term she was very much excited, if a little nervous, at the prospect of playing to Queen Mary at Sandringham.

By March, 1935, Princess Elizabeth was able to stretch an octave, a great milestone in her musical career, and soon, like millions of little girls before her, she was learning to play the "Merry Peasant." At the end of the summer term of this year she counted up her repertoire and was elated to find that she had learned no less than twenty-one pieces and duets.

Queen Elizabeth used often to come in and listen to these early morning lessons, sometimes accompanied by her lively younger daughter. But serious work was never very easy in Princess Margaret's quicksilver presence.

When first told that this flibbertigibbet was actually going to begin to learn how to play the piano herself, Princess Elizabeth said, "Oh, but her fingers will be all over the place!" But in February, 1935, Princess Margaret did begin to have a lesson every day after Princess Elizabeth had finished hers. To her sister's surprise the beginner was very good and attentive at her first lesson, clapping the bars of tunes and raptly listening while all the mysteries of semibreves, minims and crochets were explained to her.

She greatly enjoyed this lesson, none the less because its solemnity was so pleasantly interrupted by the obliging Miss Lander meeting with a very happy little accident. While animatedly beating time she hit her own nose with her pencil. This incident sent the new pupil into ringing laughter, peal after peal, that could be heard all over the house.

Whenever Princess Margaret is good during her piano lesson she gets on very well, for she really is very musical and has a perfect ear both for tone and rhythm. Her hands, though they are very small (all her gloves have to be specially made, as none sufficiently diminutive are stocked) are surprisingly strong, and she loves playing, what she calls, "runny pieces."

In a very favorite game, Miss Lander

plays an excessively soothing lullaby, and gradually the Queen and both the Princesses pretend to fall sound asleep. When all six eyes are tightly shut, the musician creeps from the piano and hides behind the curtain. Princess Margaret is always the first to wake up. "Oh, Miss Lander has been whisked away!" she cries, and, as excited as a terrier in a rabbit-warren, begins to search in every possible and impossible place.

But it must not be thought that these music lessons are by any means mostly play. Though never dull, they are usually quite serious. Princess Elizabeth's lesson lasts for three quarters of an hour, Princess Margaret's only fifteen minutes.

During October, 1935, the King's daughters began to learn and, after assiduous practice, triumphantly mastered a duet which they played as a grand surprise for their delighted mother at the end of the term. A gramophone record of this duet was made and given as a much-prized Christmas present to various members of the Royal Family.

THE LAST two years have been crowded with momentous events for the Royal Family, events that have involved ceremonial and pageantry, and on some of these occasions the King's daughters have been allowed to grace the procession. Seated side by side opposite to their parents in the state carriage, smiling and waving to the delighted crowds, they have appeared greatly to enjoy all the tumult and the shouting.

When Princess Elizabeth acted as bridesmaid to Princess Marina, she loved her dress, but found her wreath terribly uncomfortable. Talking of the wedding to a friend the next day, she said she had enjoyed it very much, adding, "But oh, I was dreadfully far away from Mummie at the luncheon!"

Her eyes glistened as she spoke of the beauty of the procession, but she said she could not bear to see the way the horses' manes had been tied up, nor the tightness of their bearing-reins. (She is well acquainted with that classic of the schoolroom, "Black Beauty," and burns with the missionary zeal this book inspires in the lovers of horses.)

In May of the following year, both Princesses, dressed in rosebud pink, made a lovely little patch of delicate color in the procession that drove through the brilliant sunshine of the Silver Jubilee.

One of the very last glimpses the people of London ever had of the King they were so soon to lose was in his happy role of a grandfather. This was when he appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace holding the Princess Margaret Rose in his arms. The crowds were tumultuously cheering below. Suddenly the little Princess gave an especially radiant smile. The reason for this smile was that King George, with all that fond irresponsibility and tendency to spoil so common to grandparents, had just said to the pretty child in his arms: "It is you they are cheering."

Though at times he may have found



AGAIN  
THE STYLE LEADER



# OLDSMOBILE *for* 1938

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were dark and glittering with suppressed excitement. Every now and then she would run to the window and glance out at the crowd who were cheering the arrival or departure of the Prime Minister and others. "Thousands of people outside," she said once in a hurried voice, and when she accompanied me downstairs, she picked up and fingered a solitary letter that lay on the hall-table. Her face went very solemn as she read the inscription on the envelope, "Her Majesty the Queen."

"That's Mummie now, is it?" she

said with a tiny tremble in her awe-struck voice.

It was so strange to hear "Papa" and "Mummie" addressed as "Your Majesty." The children could not get used to the change.

*This fascinating study of the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose will be concluded in Chatelaine next month, with more exclusive photographs taken by His Majesty the King and graciously lent by him to Chatelaine from his private collection. ♦*

**Little Old Lady**

Continued from page 9

"Well, Chlorie, you're too darned independent and intelligent, if you want to know. Men like to think of their women as women. Women are really a different breed: finer, softer, more helpless, and that's why we love them."

"Good heavens! What am I supposed to do about it?"

"Stay home, be the kind of mother Hammy wants."

"Why?"

Ben looked shocked.

"See here, Ben," Chlorie bounced to her feet, "did it ever occur to you these past fifteen years haven't exactly been my idea of paradise either? When Hammy's father died I was as little prepared to face life as a girl could be."

"I know, my dear. But now—"

"Now! Yes, now I'm in it. It wasn't easy being cheated of my youngster. Missing that darling early stage of his life. No, I had to punch a time clock to give him what he was entitled to. Nursery school, country day school—only the best. Till one day I discovered mine wasn't such a bad job. I had to like it to make a success of it."

"I suppose so," said Ben.

"I gave Hammy a good life, but I don't want any award for that. But if I've grown happy in my job and don't want to give it up, I don't want any demerit for that. I've done my best for Hammy. I don't see why I should go back in the kitchen now. I can't—" she stretched out her hands. "What in the world would I do with myself?"

"You might marry." He searched her face for a cue, and found none. "There are women's clubs, lectures — and things. Maybe you don't know what you're missing."

"Maybe not. But it's too late to find out."

"Look, Chlorie. You know I'm in love with you. Maybe I'm the answer to—"

"A maiden's prayer?" She couldn't resist it. "You're sweet. But I couldn't marry you because you were an answer."

"You suppose I'd care what the reason was?"

She laid her hand on his cheek. "Let's not talk about it. The only difference is then I'd make you miserable in addition to Hammy."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! I'd have something to say about what you did then."

HAMMY announced next night he supposed she was going out again, wasn't she?

"No, dear. Why?"

"Because you're practically never at home much."

"Why, Hammy! I haven't been out for a week."

"Oh, well, I s'pose when a woman's in business she's got lots of obligations that—"

Chlorie put down her book. "Don't you think you're being a little unreasonable lately?"

"No." He snapped on the radio.

If she were going to hear that infernal "Little Old Lady," she'd scream. She'd actually begun to believe the song symbolized the change in Hammy. But the little old lady was reticent tonight.

Hammy jerked off his sweater, threw it on a table.

"Oh, Hammy, you do treat your clothes badly."

"Oh, that!" He glared at the sweater.

"That," said Chlorie, "is a fourteen-dollar imported Angora. I don't wish to replace it this season."

"You could knit me one, couldn't you?" His tone held a challenge that checked the laugh in her throat. "Gee, other fellows' mothers aren't always thinking about business and looking like flappers instead of mothers. Why do you always have to be different, Chlorie?"

Chlorie sat quite still. "I suppose we may as well have this out. You think, don't you, I'm too modern to be an ideal mother?"

This, she knew, was the inevitable showdown between generations. She stretched out her hand, but Hammy walked past. She saw he was capable of comprehending only through symbols. The symbol he loved was the romantic, the sentimental one. It wore a lace cap, sat patiently by the fire in a rocking chair.

MOTHER'S DAY loomed over the horizon. Ben came up for dinner and thought they might go some place. It transpired it was to a lecture she and Ben were bound. The car sped past flaunting movie marquees, past amusing-looking night clubs. Chlorie would have preferred any of their invitations to hearing about The Development of Sit-Down Strikes. But Ben seldom consulted her about the evening. She just went with him.

On their way home after hearing about the sit-downers and their developments, Ben said: "Would you like to go abroad ♦ Continued on page 26"



BEAUTY

Culture



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AND BEAUTY

## Heads in the News

*Topnotchers in the recent New York Hair-dressing Show competitions, at which Canadians carried off most of the prizes*



Young and fresh is the fashion designed by Peter Edelmayer, of Toronto, second prize winner in the Coiffure Guild National Challenge Shield Competition. Notice the backward rather than upward sweep of curls, more becoming to the young.



Marguerite Peereboom, of Montreal, who made history by carrying off the first and second prizes in the Hair Style contest, does an elegant sophisticate with ostrich plume and sculptured curls. In spite of the design, there's a clear forehead and temple line.



Ingenue, second prize winner by Marguerite Peereboom. It's an entrancing feminine hairdress with a festive little ornament across the top front. Exciting for a first party, and loveliest for blondes.



Sleek and suave as Manhattan itself, the first prize coiffure in the Challenge Shield division for permanent wave, by Bruno Pokall, of New York. A head that would be at home in the smartest night club or most exclusive home.



Deep, luxurious waves make this softly feminine coiffure by Peter Edelmayer, Toronto, a lovely one for the young matron—and a second prize winner in the Finger Wave division of the National Coiffure Guild. Note the manipulated ostrich feather.

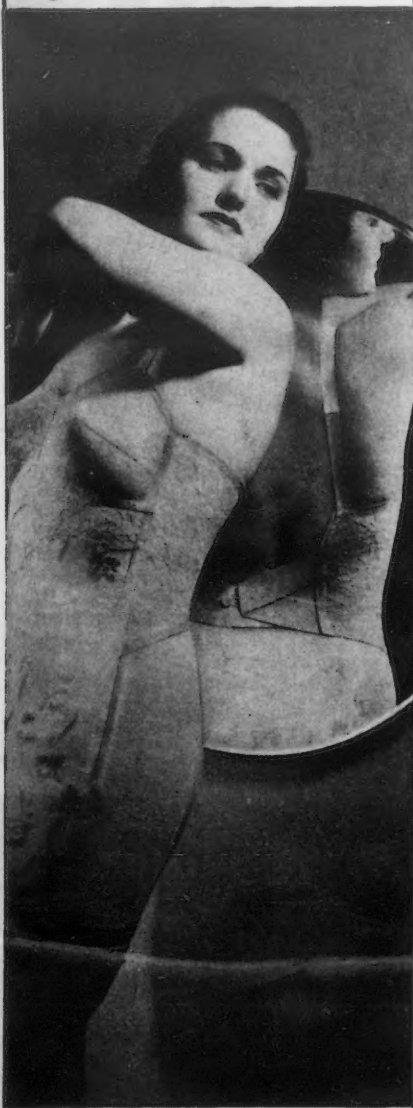


Quaintly unusual is the party coiffure with its new forehead line by Bruno Pokall, of New York, first prize winner in the Finger Wave division. A spray of old-fashioned blossoms is tucked into the wave. A modern translation of a mid-Victorian fancy.

Photographs one and six courtesy Twin Arts Studios, others by Frank Northall, exclusive in Canada.



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The five important fashion themes for Fall place greater than ever emphasis on figure lines. Moyénage...Directoire... the 1900 silhouette (inspired by Mae West's latest picture)... sculptured drapery...and the corselet waistlines—all require a concave diaphragm, stem-like waist, high youthful breast and slim hips. The MisSimplicity Back Straps pull diagonally to mould and control your figure to lines of beauty. The photograph shows Model 6688.

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## Little Old Lady

Continued from page 24

this summer? It would be a change."

"Oh, very much!" Who wouldn't like to go abroad, even if only to buy sportswear! She'd take Hammy. They'd hike through the English countryside and she'd show him Oxford and he'd see what college was really like.

"I'm going," said Ben. "You really should be married, Chlorie. You're not getting any younger and it would be nice if we used the trip as a honeymoon."

Chlorie sat up very straight, a spot of red on her cheeks. "You have the oddest ways of proposing, Ben. As though you were giving me an old age pension, or a raise in salary."

"My dear girl, you don't expect me to offer moonlight and roses. It's a pretty good suggestion you just gave me. If I gave you a share in the business would that be an inducement to marry me?"

MOTHER'S DAY was quite all it should be, skies tender and caressing. All nice mothers got up and went to church. But Chlorie just couldn't. She was so tired she'd have liked to stay in bed all day.

But she made herself get up pretty soon, for Ben was coming for breakfast and there was something pretty nice about Mother's Day. Hammy always brought her some kind of motheaten plant and Ben would bring quantities of flowers. She wondered what she could wear that would make her look most like a mother. It should be something mauve or grey. But heavens! with her hair. White was the best she could do.

Hammy waited behind the comics. She kissed the top of his wet head, glanced around for the inevitable plant. It wasn't there. She swallowed. He couldn't mean to—

But Hammy held out a tissue-wrapped package. "For Mother's Day, Chlorie. I hope you like it."

"Darling, how sweet!" She couldn't have stood it if he'd omitted Mother's Day. But it was all right! Everything was all right!

FROM OUT the tissue wrapping she drew a flat picture. She went completely rigid. She didn't know what to say. For in her hand she held a reproduction of Whistler's "Mother" resolutely turning her face from Chlorie's. She felt as though Hammy had slapped her face. Her jaws felt stiff as death as she mumbled her thanks.

"And I've another gift for you, mother," said Hammy, picking up the papers. "That is, I soon shall have—my first week's salary. I've got a job."

"Yes, dear?" She set the picture against the lamp, studied the arrangement with intense concentration. "What kind of job?"

"Oh, selling cosmetics in small towns."

"That'll be nice over the summer." They were both being very casual. "It's not for just the summer. It's for good."

She smiled uncertainly. "Oh! the cosmetic business. Then those courses in chemistry, your registration at

college—you don't mean to do anything about that?"

"Nope."

"You've—given this a good deal of thought?"

"I certainly have." He turned his back quickly.

How young his shoulders were; they weren't yet ready to assume burdens. "Hammy, won't you look at me?" He turned reluctantly. "You realize you're breaking up our home. I've tried hard to make it a pleasant home. I shall hate to see it smashed." She made her voice level as glass.

"Home!" he snatched the word. "This isn't a home, Chlorie. Just some place for us to come for meals. I guess it isn't your fault. But not long ago you described, rather sarcastically, the kind of home I mean. Yes, I want a house with a fence, and a mother who's there when I need her. I'd like a father too, if you must know. But you're always so superior about Ben Collins. Well, he's a swell guy!"

He crouched beside her, put his arms around her. "Gee, mother, don't think I don't know how swell you've been. But one of these days I'll marry and have things the way I want them."

"What type of girl will you marry, dear?"

"You'll see."

But Chlorie already saw.

"I don't want you to think I blame you, mother."

"That's—that's very nice of you, Hammy," she said stupidly. "I'm sorry I've failed you. I—well, I—" There was a salty feeling back of her eyes and she suspected there was back of Hammy's too, and she was awfully sorry about that.

"Look, Hammy," she said, "if you had the kind of home you describe would you still feel you were ready to start your own life, or would you feel you could stay here?"

Hammy didn't answer. There was such unhappiness in his face he didn't need to answer. She stroked his head, thinking rapidly.

IT WAS so Ben found them, Hammy's head in her lap, her hand mussing the hair which never required much encouragement to get mussed. Ben came, bearing all the red roses in town, beamed at the picture.

Chlorie stared at him in the doorway. Stared a very long time. Well, she'd wanted a chance to prove her capacity for motherhood, hadn't she? Here it was, obviously.

"That's about the finest Mother's Day picture you could find anywhere," said Ben, and slapped Hammy on the back.

Hammy grinned, "Hello!" He jumped up. "Gosh, what a lot of flowers! I'll get some vases. Oh, boy, do they smell sweet!" There was nothing in his face but youth. To look at him you wouldn't have known that with a mere flick of the finger he'd destroyed a life's work for Chlorie. It was incredible how casual youth was.

Chlorie lifted her face to Ben. "They're lovely flowers, Ben. You're very sweet to me. May I say, Ben"—she caught ♦ Continued on page 29

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(\*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub. Blue Ribbon Books.)



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## Little Old Lady

Continued from page 26

her breath suddenly, steadied herself—"how much I thank you for always being so sweet to me?"

His face looked like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that hadn't been properly put together. "Say, what's got into you? You don't usually say things like that."

She shrugged. "Perhaps it takes a day like this to make one appreciate—"

"That's my girl! I always knew you were as sweet and old-fashioned as a girl could be. That's the side of you I always wanted to bring out. Good lord, Chlorie, you're talking now like the girl I've always hoped to marry. Will you, Chlorie? Would you?"

His arms approached. She was going to be hugged in a minute, very possessively. Oh, well—she nodded. And Ben kissed her, the way she'd always suspected he would kiss. She rested in his arms a moment. Heavens, she was tired!

Hammy barging through the door

behind his red roses looked the least bit like an old print of the Chicago Fire. He took in the sight of Chlorie in Ben's arms and let out a whoop.

"Hey! you two, does this mean—" Chlorie faced Hammy, Ben's arms still around her. "Yes, Hammy. Ben and I are going to be married. Quite soon I hope?" She looked at Ben.

He nodded vigorously. "You bet! We're going to have a house in the country, Hammy. Will you like that? Your mother's out of a job. She'll spend all her time in that house, you can take my word for it. What do you think of that?"

"Gosh! I think it's the most wonderful Mother's Day present a guy ever got, even if I'm not a—oh, well, you know what I mean." He kissed Chlorie as he had for all the years and years before. "Gee, Chlorie, what a swell little old lady you turned out to be!"

Yeah! jeered Chlorie—little old Marie Antoinette. +

## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 7

that drove in?" the woman said, laying the mirror down. "What did they want?"

"Some water for their car."

"Oh." Girl and woman went into the stripped, dingy kitchen and the woman whose grey hair was bound up in a towel to protect it from the dust, said wearily, "Well, we've got nearly everything out. If those people had stayed much longer there wouldn't have been anything left to take."

"There's nothing worth taking now, if you ask me—just a lot of old junk. I'd like to set fire to it, and the house, too. It would certainly be a good joke to play on those rotten bankers."

The woman looked, shocked, at her daughter's flushed and lowering face. "Why, Marta! How can you talk like that? It isn't their fault we lost the house. They didn't know any more than we did that the new road was going to ruin the property."

"I know. I'm sorry, darling," Marta went to her mother and gave her a fierce little hug. "I'm just tired, I guess. But it makes me sick—it makes me wild to think how hard you and dad have worked and then those filthy people moving in here and wrecking the place. It isn't fair when some people—" she drew away, her brown eyes blazing into her mother's. "Do you know, when that car drove in here I just saw red."

"But why should you, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was so grand and so were they—the man and the girl with him, I mean—and I was so dirty and bedraggled. I couldn't bear to have them see me. I tried to hide—and then he was so darned insolent. You know the kind—just rolling in wealth, used to ordering people around. You should have heard him order me around, the—the conceited stuffed shirt!" She stooped and picked up the mirror. "Well, I fixed 'em."

Her mother said, smiling, "How did you fix them?"

Marta gave a little giggle. "I told their fortunes. They saw that old sign—"

"Marta! Told their fortunes?"

"They paid for it, see?" She displayed the dollar. "They're the kind of people who think they can have anything if they pay for it. Well, I let 'em have it. They were engaged, I think, so I told her he wasn't worthy of her and that another man was coming into her life—"

"My dear, you didn't do such a—"

"They asked for it," Marta said hotly. "Or, rather, they demanded it. The girl just stuck out her hand and said, 'Tell my fortune,' and you should have heard the man. Called me Esmeralda and told me to do my stuff and make it snappy." She swung the mirror over her shoulder. "Well, I made it snappy!" She stamped angrily out.

VICTOR CASS looked up as Dave Ramsey entered the apartment they shared. "Hi, Dave!" It was near midnight and Vic was sipping a cup of coffee before going to bed.

Dave hung his hat and coat in the tiny foyer and came in. "Hello, you home already?" Midnight seemed to be an unusually early hour for Vic Cass to be home. For several years he had been a professional Stag in New York. Equipped with a small job in the office of a broker relative, a proper wardrobe, a sunny smile, the newest dance steps, Vic's name was listed among those present at every important social function in town.

Dave had been at college with Vic and when he came to New York Vic initiated him into the art of securing free dinners and finding his way on to the invitation lists of the prominent social + Continued on page 32

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## Kay Murphy's FASHION SHORTS



WELL, IT'S nice to see the new print dresses in again. Every year, about this time, brightly colored prints come to the fore and we're always glad to see them. For they do

wonders to the dark-colored wardrobe of the winter and, I think, do a lot toward helping us forget the cold and snow, and see in these gay patterns the promise that spring will come again.

Hand-screened prints are leading—those exquisite-looking designs that look like flower gardens blooming right on your dress. While the ground colors are generally dark—black, brown and navy predominating—the designs are highly colored, with plenty of reds showing through.

If you can't manage a little print dress at this time, probably you have a light-colored print left over from summer . . . a trifle faded, but still a nice dress. Well, I tell you what to do. Dye it to a darker shade! If you are careful, you can really make it look like a new dress. I would suggest that you take the sash (which you can replace with a belt) or the turned-up hem of the dress, and experiment with it before you change the shade of the whole dress. Try two or three colors on cut-ups from the sash or facing, and you'll know just which shade you prefer, or which one looks best. With a reliable dye and care, you can make that faded frock look like a brand-new winter print.

It may interest you to know that many stores and fabric manufacturers often change the color of the materials or of the dresses, if the original dyeing job doesn't "click" with the public. It is all a matter of getting the color that blends in best with the original shade, and using care in the dyeing process. So here's

hoping you'll have a gay new print, either by purchase or by dyeing.

How are your accessories holding up? Don't you think it about time that you got some new collars, scarves, corsages, clips and whatnots? They're wearing a lot of belts matching up with the corsages, and what a change it makes on a dress! A gold or silver imitation (or real) leather belt, probably combined with a brightly colored velvet and matched up with a gay corsage just makes a dress look like new.

And try a new set of white collar and cuffs on that dark dress and probably a red collar, sash, belt or scarf on that black dress. For both white and red are leading combinations with black

and dark shades. In fact red continues to be a very popular winter shade, either alone or combined with black, or a becoming dark color.

The younger gals are having a grand time with "Flower Muff Bags" for evening wear. A tiny little velvet muff, with zipper so it may also serve as a purse, is laden with flowers, or probably just one huge flower plop in the middle! Very demure-looking, and yet it has an air of "Paris" that every lass adores.

Have you heard of the "Background" dress? It's a new Paris idea that is being taken up rapidly over here. It is a well-cut dress, generally black, with three or four different sets of accessories, each one making the dress look entirely different. A

necklace—matching rhinestone clip and belt buckle—colorful neck scarf—juggle them as the fancy takes you . . . and make the one dress look like half a dozen!

As I told you earlier in the season, sequins, bugle beads, and colored bead embroidery are about the most popular trimmings on dress-up afternoon frocks as well as evening gowns. Sequins are particularly important and I think they are so glamorous that we should all try to have at least one sequin-trimmed gown hanging about against those Christmas and New Year's dates. If you haven't such a dress, you can always buy a sequin jacket to top a plain evening gown, or put on a sequin corsage, or maybe a sequin Juliet cap and carry a sequin-studded bag.

They are wearing soft, glowingly colored chiffon dresses for evening, and two or three colors are very exciting, when combined smartly on one dress.

Silver and gold brocades are very regal, and many women prefer their picture-book glamor. We are seeing a great deal of metal cloths, both in afternoon and evening clothes as well as in party blouses to wear with velvet skirts, or velvet dresses sashed in gleaming lamé. Some of the love-lie lounging pyjamas make use of metal cloth also.





## New Dresses for a New Year

WITH SMART IDEAS FROM THE MID-WINTER OPENINGS

Tucks, darts and shirring have lost their quaintness. They've been converted in to flattering femininity by the 1938 moderns. You look as sleek and smart as the tailored woman of yesteryear did—but there's nothing else for it—you're womanly, too.

Here are four spanking new versions of midwinter fashions. All particularly impressive under dark fur or cloth coats. Try No. 2645 in a satin-surfaced jersey in dramatic white on wine. Think of the things you could do with bright accessories if No. 2628 were done in a fine black sheer woollen. No. 2633 would be smart in the new copper tone, in a flecked jersey, with a belt and shoes of beaver brown. And try No. 2632 in dark green cashmere with touches of slate grey.

Why not make you own ski suit? Here's one made for speed, comfort and style—try it in one of the new wind and water resistant fabrics in beige and brown, grey and black or even, if you feel gay enough, ice blue and rose.

(Instructions for patterns on page 49)



Simplicity  
2645

Simplicity  
2628



Simplicity  
2633

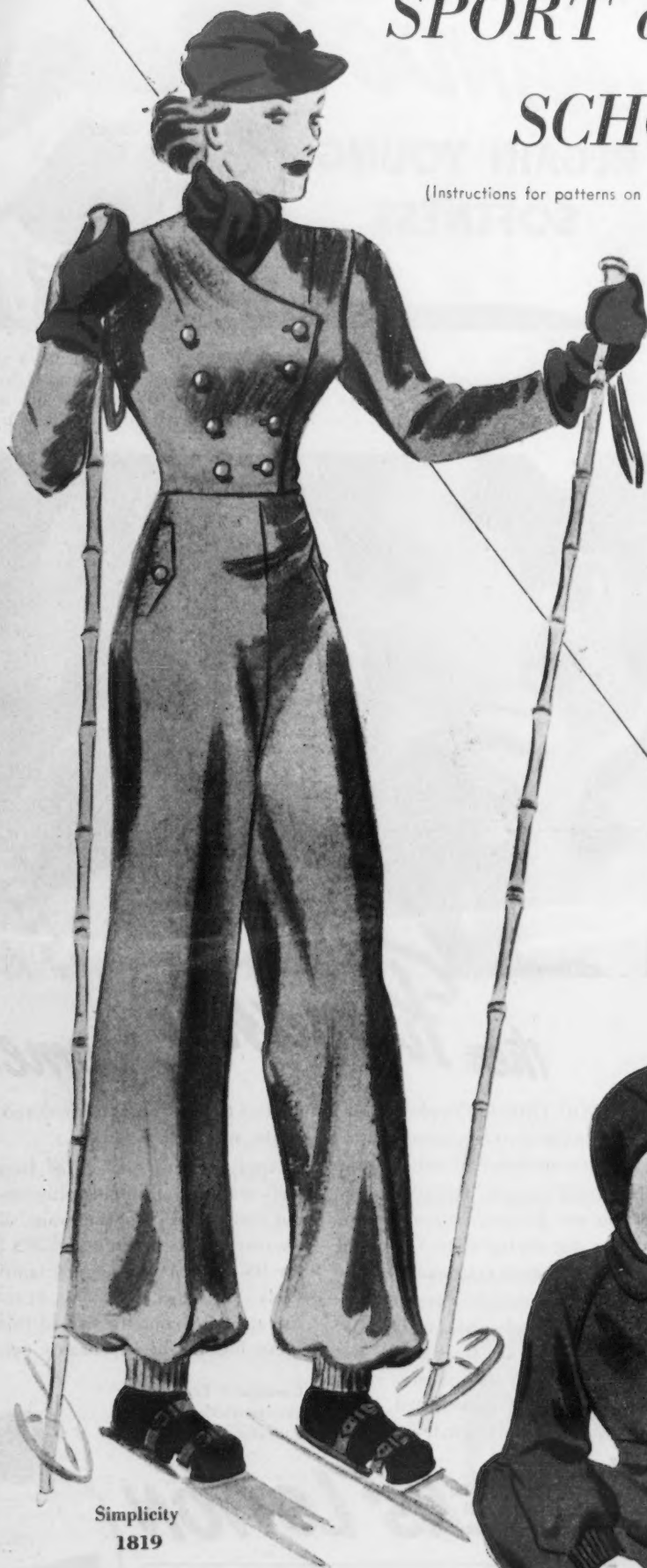


Simplicity  
2632



# COLORFUL TOGS for SPORT and SCHOOL

(Instructions for patterns on page 49)



tion in which those dreadful gypsies had left her childhood home. At the word gypsy, Marta gave a little, guilty jump. With her bandanna and overalls removed, her piquant little face washed clean and her young mouth rouged, she had lost her resemblance to a Romany. Her dark brown hair waved softly and naturally into a soft roll in the nape of her neck. She had worn it short in college but had thought best to let it grow when she had started her dancing classes. Mothers, she decided, would be more likely to trust their young to a long-haired teacher. And it made her look older, more dignified.

Dignity had come hard to Marta Ross. She had always been like a flame, leaping, dancing, licking hungrily at the wonders and delights of the world. She had wanted desperately to be an actress, but the stage was too uncertain and she must make sure of her economic independence.

It was Robbie Pederson, a classmate at college, who had suggested the dancing class. That was last year and Robbie had just landed her first job as kindergarten teacher in a small, expensive private school. "And of course," she had excitedly told Marta, "the kids will be going to dancing school. Their parents are rich and we could take a place together and I could play the piano for you. You know as much about dancing as Fred Astaire and I bet by next year we'll have a waiting list."

They had not achieved a waiting list, exactly, but they had covered their expenses by a nice margin and this year business looked so promising that in October they had moved to a larger studio, taken the entire parlor floor of a sedate old brownstone house on one of the east sixties. With its lofty ceilings and long windows it seemed admirably suited to their needs. They ripped out the partition that had once divided the front and back parlors and achieved a room of noble proportions. It was not the coziest place in the world to live, for there were no facilities for cooking and the bathroom was a dark cubicle in the outer hall. But by the use of a screen, a grille, and some painted bookshelves to hold dishes and provisions, they achieved a kitchenette; with the aid of chintz and plenty of pillows they turned their beds into a couple of "studio couches" and what the place lacked in home atmosphere it made up in space and utilitarianism.

Marta and Robbie had been working like mad—waxing the floors, hanging drapes, polishing the piano—this morning when Mrs. Ross had telephoned from the parsonage for Marta. The terrible people who had been living in the old homestead had at last been dispossessed, the receivers were taking possession tomorrow, would Marta come out and help her go over the place, move such things as were worth saving over to the parsonage?

And so Marta had gone but when she came back to the apartment that night, big-eyed with fatigue, she told Robbie she wished she hadn't. "I wish I'd told mother to hire somebody to help her and I'd pay for it. It's so depressing. I feel as if I'd been digging up graves all day. If you could have seen the stuff in that attic—all moldy and forgotten and mother trying not to cry—she loved the place, you know. And she and dad tried so hard to save it

—it's not fair. It just isn't fair, Bob!"

Robbie yawned. She was in her pyjamas, her straight, light-brown hair tucked behind her ears, her round face shiny with cold cream. "Sure it isn't fair—everybody knows that. It's a bromide, my lamb."

"It isn't a bromide when you discover it suddenly for yourself," Marta said. "I never really thought much about it before. I mean, I never really thought what a rotten shame it is that some people work and slave and—live a godly life and all that and then have nothing to show for it, while other people have everything without lifting a finger—diamonds and elegant cars and fur coats. Nothing to do but have a good time—go to parties and football games." She stood up and shook her towel angrily at Robbie. "It makes you sick; it makes you wonder what's the use of trying to do what's right and working yourself to death—"

NEW YORK is a great metropolis, but after all, a great metropolis is only an enlarged small town. Like a small town its social life is comprised of definite "sets" and "cliques," and the "set" in which Dave and Vic moved and had their being was the same set that sent its very young to small, exclusive private schools and dancing classes. It is not odd, therefore, that Mrs. Talbot Price, invited a few weeks later to a party Vic and Dave Ross were planning, should have decided to send her small son, Carl, to Marta's dancing class.

Carl was a fat, yellow-headed blue-eyed child with the most irresistible smile in the world. On the Tuesday of Vic and Dave's party, when his nurse had released him from his cocoon of woolly clothes, she said, "You won't mind my leaving him here alone for a few minutes will you miss? I've got to do a very important errand for his mother."

Marta didn't mind; but when, the hectic lesson ended, and the other children gone home, she discovered the child, fast asleep on a couch, she called to Robbie: "For heaven's sake! That nurse should have been back here ages ago. Look at the time!"

They both looked, instead, at the sleeping cherub. "That errand was probably her boy friend," Robbie said. "Maybe you better call up the kid's mamma."

But Carl's mamma, it appeared, was not at home. The voice that answered the telephone said it didn't know when she would be home and that no, there was no one there who could come for Carl, no one in the apartment to look after him in any event. Couldn't he just stay where he was until the nurse came back for him? Oh, she'd be sure to come back.

Marta banged the telephone back in its cradle. "Of all the callous, indifferent, cold-blooded—no one to look after him! And the house probably filled with servants. Poor little rich boy!"

WHILE HER child lay sleeping on Marta's studio couch, his mother was saying to Vic Cass, "But, darling, why didn't you ask me to lend you some glasses? I could easily have sent some down this morning."

"I'd no idea we'd run short," Vic said. "We only sent out twenty cards." + Continued on page 35



"Rathlin Roundelay"—Long-haired Dachshund owned by Miss Katherine Savage, 130 Brock Ave. S., Montreal West, Que.

## Thoroughbreds



"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

Lancet

● "Rathlin Roundelay", with his long red hair, looks remarkably like a Spaniel, but, as his pedigree proves, he is a thoroughbred long-haired Dachshund, the son of an English-born sire and dam of true German descent.

To "intimates", he is known as "Tweedledee" or "Tweedles". Cautious in making friends with children, he is even more cautious with strangers, and adamant in his hostility toward the breadman!

## This Handsome New LAMP Glows Steadily in the Dark



THIS attractively designed lamp is not only useful and decorative when the light is on, but it will glow steadily AFTER THE LIGHT HAS BEEN TURNED OFF, with a soft light

that makes it a perfect night light easy to find in the darkest room. This unusual feature is an entirely new discovery, and the lamp does not contain radium or any poisonous materials. Another important feature is that the lamp has been specially processed to prevent eyestrain when lighted, giving the same lighting effect as daylight. Its usefulness extends all through the house—for the sickroom, for children who dread the black dark—for quiet hours by the radio... for mothers who have to rise in the night to attend children... and many other uses.

## YOU CAN HAVE ONE AT NO COST!

If you will secure a total of Three Dollars in subscriptions to Chatelaine, not including your own subscription or renewal or any that you have paid for yourself, we will send this lamp to you free of cost, postpaid to your address. The Three Dollars may be made up of 1-year subscriptions at \$1.00 each; 2-year subscriptions at \$1.50 each, or 3-year subscriptions at \$2.00 each, in any combination as long as the total is at least \$3.00. Write names and addresses of subscribers, and your own name and address, clearly.

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 University Avenue, Toronto





● Yesterday Bill was at work. Just felt a bit groggy and "grippy." Today he's home in bed. He'll lose a week's wages at least.

Anybody who trifles with a cold is hunting trouble. The sane way is to take hold of a cold before it takes hold of you, and drive it right out of your system. The quickest way to do it is to take **GROVE'S BROMO QUININE**. Grove's does the four things necessary.

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

At the first sign of a cold go right to your druggist and buy a box of **GROVE'S BROMO QUININE**. They're in a White box. The large size gives you 20% more for your money. They now come sugar coated or plain.

If taken promptly **GROVE'S BROMO QUININE** will usually stop a cold within 24 hours. This is the kind of action you need to drive out that cold at once.



## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 29

hostesses. He had also met Ellen Minor again after having known her at college. From the first Ellen had made it plain that she liked him—and her parents had made it equally plain that they did not. Charles Minor had made it very plain indeed one evening not long after Dave had come to town.

"Well," Ellen's father had said, "have you found that job you were looking for, young man?" Dave admitted he hadn't, and Mr. Minor said, "What exactly do you want to do?"

Dave fiddled with his black tie and felt his cheeks growing hot. "That's the trouble. I'm afraid I don't quite know. You see, my father always planned to have me in the business with him—he manufactures hardware out near Akron."

"But you lost your taste for hardware, eh?" Charles Minor asked.

Dave grinned. "I never had it to lose," he said. "I was going to do it for dad, though. I'd every intention of going out there after I finished college, but I loathe the business and I loathe the Middle West. That's probably because I've been at school in the East ever since my mother died when I was eleven. Anyway, when I told dad how I felt he—well, he was pretty swell about it." He grinned again, that ingenuous grin of his that showed his strong white teeth and somehow made his face look stronger, too. "He said I wouldn't be worth a darn to him anyhow if I felt like that, so here I am."

Charles Minor, who was a perfect playwright's banker—plump, pink, expensively tailored, dyspeptic and shrewd—looked at the latest object of his daughter's affections. "And what have you been doing with yourself?"

Dave answered that with certain reservations. "Well, I've tried Wall Street. Vic Cass, the man I live with, is with a brokerage firm and they took me on for a week. It was a commission job and I didn't earn my carfare."

"What do you want to do—or maybe I should say what can you do?"

"I can play the sax pretty well," Dave said, his grin widening, "and I can draw a bit. But I majored in mathematics and I've been kind of hoping I could get into something where that would be useful. A bank, maybe."

"Suppose you come down to see me tomorrow—say ten-thirty. I'll see what I can do for you."

Two days later Dave found himself in a small cage completely surrounded by iron bars, adding machines, telephones, filing cabinets and trim little stenographers. His hours were short, his work light, his salary fifty dollars a week. Three months later his engagement to Ellen was announced.

All this left Dave a little surprised and dazed. It had come about so swiftly. But he was quite happy. It was odd having a job and regular hours after months of keeping the hours of a vaudeville performer. But Ellen was always dropping into the bank to make him take her places—football and polo games, country parties, horse shows—

anything. "Come along, I asked dad and he says it's all right." Dave drove Ellen's smart little car, though luckily she insisted on paying for the gas.

Vic had been delighted when he heard of the engagement. "What did I tell you? All you need in this town is a pair of dancing feet and the right contacts. When's the big event coming off?"

Dave couldn't say. That was one thing Mr. Minor had been firm about. Let them be engaged if they must, but there was to be no hurry about the wedding. "Next spring maybe," he told Vic.

And now it was November and Dave lay on his studio couch and could not sleep. His thoughts were a jumble of football players, Ellen's angry face, boiling radiators and gypsies. A gypsy in overalls with blazing brown eyes and a dark tricorn of a face that reminded him of one he had once seen carved on the tomb of an ages dead Egyptian princess. He remembered it well for it had seemed to him, at the time, more vivid and alive than any living face he had ever seen.

He turned restlessly on his pillow and marvelled that he should recall the gypsy so clearly. He had scarcely noticed her this afternoon, could have sworn he hadn't taken one really good look at her—why should he? Yet, here she was in his mind as though she had been carved there by a master craftsman, every feature clear even to the dusty smudge on the side of her short nose. That was probably because his and Ellen's squabbling had kept her before them all day—between them, rather. For it was she who had started it all, she and her phoney fortune-telling. She and her empty shop and distinguished dark man.

His hands knotted under the bedclothes. Then, suddenly, his sense of humor came to the rescue. It really had been funny to see El sizing up every dark man who had come near her all day. Funny and kind of pathetic, too, falling for a lot of tripe like that. He must have been crazy to let a thing like this get his goat. Oh, well, tomorrow was another day, thank the lord. He'd send El a couple of orchids and let the payment on her ring slide till next week.

He turned on his side and went to sleep.

A FEW blocks farther north and west, Dave's *casus belli* was sleeping sweetly after her long hard day. When she had driven the last load from the ramshackle house that had once been her maternal grandfather's farm, to her father's parsonage in Boontown six miles away, she found she could still catch the last train back to New York. If his parishioners thought it odd that a minister's daughter should teach dancing for a living, they were careful not to say so within his hearing. Mr. Ross saw nothing odd about it, indeed he was one of Marta's most effective rooters and had sent her two or three pupils himself.

Marta ate her pie tonight with one eye on her wrist-watch while her mother deplored the shocking condi-

## LAI'D UP FOR WEEKS BY SCIATICA

At 76 Kruschen  
Conquered His Complaint

At 86 years of age, this man is still going strong, yet 10 years ago he was laid up for weeks with an attack of sciatica. Read how he keeps fit in spite of his advanced age:—

"Ten years ago, I was laid up for about a month with a severe attack of sciatica. I was quite unable to sleep and I suffered a great deal. I tried several remedies, but obtained little relief. At last I saw one of your advertisements, and decided to give Kruschen a trial. I stuck to it and took about half-a-teaspoonful every morning in my coffee and my sciatica gradually went. I was 86 last month—still going strong—and my friends ask me how I keep my clear skin and healthy looks. I tell them all it is due to Kruschen Salts."—C. T. L.

Whether you are in your 'teens or past your prime, it is neither too early nor too late to start on the "little daily dose." Just a tiny, tasteless pinch in your morning tea or coffee—that's the Kruschen rule for constant fitness.

## Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

**FASTEETH**, a new, greatly improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth firm and comfortable all day. Can not slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooeey, pasty taste or feeling, because **FASTEETH** is alkaline. Makes breath sweet and pleasant. Get **FASTEETH** at any drug store. Accept no substitute.



● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and **BROWNTONE** does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. **BROWNTONE** is only 50¢—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

## Skin you Envy CAN BE YOURS

GEE, I WISH I HAD A COMPLEXION LIKE THE MOVIE STARS.

TRY **CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT**. IT'S A WONDERFUL TREATMENT FOR BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, ROUGHNESS AND OTHER BLEMISHES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN.

LATER

I DON'T ENVY ANYBODY'S SKIN NOW. **CUTICURA** MADE MY COMPLEXION DIVINELY SOFT AND CLEAR. WHAT GOOD TIMES I'D HAVE MISSED WITHOUT **CUTICURA**!

**CUTICURA** WILL HELP KEEP YOUR HANDS SOFT AND WHITE, YOUR SHOULDERS, THROAT, ARMS AND BACK FRESH LOOKING AND LOVELY. IT'S THE PERFECT, INEXPENSIVE TREATMENT FOR 'ALL-OVER' LOVELINESS.

SOAP 25¢ • OINTMENT 25¢

**CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT**



## Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 33

"And there must be thirty people here," Sue Price said. "Oh, well, let's use some cups or tumblers. They'll think it's more fun anyway."

There were not, perhaps, as many as thirty in the living room of their little apartment, where Vic and Dave were staging a party, but since the room was not overlarge and everyone was having a very good time and making a good deal of noise about it, there seemed to be more than there really were. The Gold Dust Twins' parties were invariably well attended. They had, always, a Bohemian flavor.

Everyone had come today. There were the traditional dog-collar dowagers, sophisticated young matrons, blasé debutantes. There was an assortment of good-looking, suave young men and there was, last and best of all, Paul Davis, the new Metropolitan tenor.

Paul was slender, dark, twenty-seven, strikingly handsome with perfect features and a ceremonious manner as irritating to his own sex as it was alluring to the ladies. He possessed an impregnable ego, a fine lyric tenor voice and an insatiable ambition. He was a little like a fisherman with four lines out; one in Hollywood, one on the radio, another for the concert stage and a fourth on "society." By achieving the last he might very well achieve all the others, for music is the stepchild of the arts, dependent on charity and no musician can be blamed for wooing those who can best advance his career.

Paul was not fond of parties for he neither drank nor smoked and the one subject that absorbed him seldom absorbed anyone else. But in lieu of conversation he had his indubitable charm and his fine dark eyes, and his attitude toward women was like a respectful caress.

Vic had baited his invitation for today with two or three names well known for their philanthropic interest in music. "And it might not be a bad idea for you to slip a song or two in your pocket—just in case," Vic had said. "Of course, I won't ask you to sing, my dear fella, but if the subject comes up and you think it's worth your while—" So Paul had brought along a number or two and his accompanist, and he was wondering now, as he listened to old Mrs. Rowland's recital of her servant problem, just how worth while it might be to risk a bad throat by singing in this smoke-filled room.

Paul wagged his fine head sympathetically and wondered who the lovely blonde was. She had just come in from the kitchenette where, he guessed, she had been helping with the canapés. She was passing a tray of them now, a willowy, taller-than-average girl, in a silvery grey sheath and little grey hat and with two orchids drooping from her shoulder.

"Servants," Mrs. Rowland confided plaintively, "have no sense of obligation. Take my last chauffeur, for example. He was with us for twelve years and—ah, Ellen, my dear."

The name helped Paul identify his lovely blonde. This must be Ellen Minor, the Ramsey fellow's fiancée.

"I've been wondering where you were, darling," Mrs. Rowland said. "Have you been introduced to Mr. Davis? He's to be with the Metropolitan this year, you know."

"Yes, I know," Ellen said. "Isn't it thrilling?" And to Paul, "Vic says you're going to make your debut in 'Boheme.' I adore 'Boheme'—it's my favorite opera."

"I always leave before Mimi dies," Mrs. Rowland said. "I can't bear to see Mimi die."

"Did you ever try closing your eyes and listening to her die?" Paul asked her. "There is, after all, Senor Puccini's music—"

Ellen, glancing up at him, saw to her astonishment that he was really furious with the old lady. For the first time she looked at him with something more than cursory interest. It was an exciting discovery to find that such a superlative young man was capable of human emotion. But old Mrs. Rowland, impervious to the disapproval of handsome tenors, said placidly that no, she didn't even like to hear Mimi die, and moved off to greet a friend.

Ellen said, "I'm afraid it was wasted. She doesn't even realize she stepped on your musical toes."

His eyes warmed to her. "I'm glad of that. I'm not being very politic, I'm afraid."

"It must be hard," she said. "We're so terribly dumb. But it's fun to meet someone who's really doing things."

"It's fun for me," he said gravely, "to meet people who do nothing, who have no further mission in life than the pursuit of happiness and the cultivation of beauty."

"That's probably because you've worked so hard yourself. Vic says you simply slave from morning to night."

"It isn't slavery if you enjoy it."

"That makes you all the more wonderful," Ellen said, and smiled on him luminously.

All this followed the familiar pattern though it was new to Ellen who had never found celebrities attractive. But Paul had inadvertently given her a glimpse of the only part of him that was genuine, of the artist that underlay and animated the man, and she was impressed and a little awed. Paul artfully made the most of this for the name of Minor was an important one, embroidered in gold. For the rest of the afternoon, when he was not at her side, his eyes followed her with the look of a man discovering a St. Elmo's fire and later, when he was persuaded to sing, it was to Ellen he sang.

Afterward, when Dave went into the kitchenette, Vic followed. "Well, the lad can sing, can't he? You've certainly got to hand it to him."

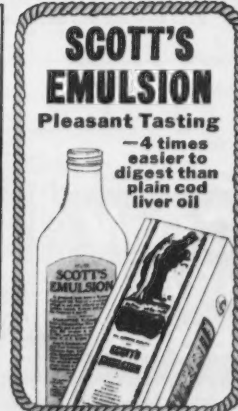
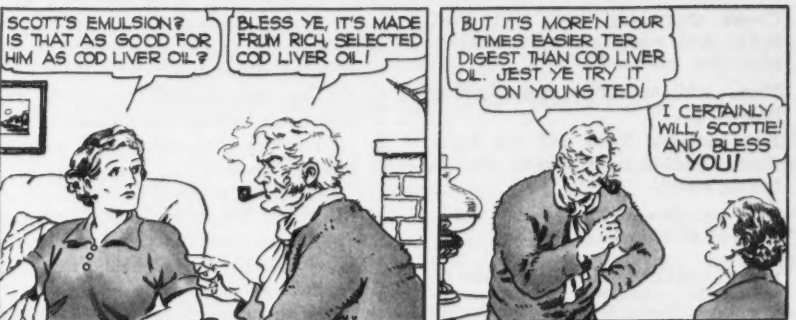
"I haven't got to hand him a thing," Dave said. "The girls are handing him just about as much as he can carry."

Vic thought, "Especially one girl." Aloud he said, "Funny the way women fall for that moon-eyed type."

"But not comical," Dave said.

Ellen poked her head around the door. "A little service, please!"

Dave said to Vic, "You better put a nice glass of milk on the tray for our musical friend." ♦ Continued on page 36





"THANKS  
A LOT!"  
HE'S  
SAYING

Babies coo with delight when Heinz Strained Food time comes 'round. They love the natural colour—fresh, delicious taste—unvarying, creamy texture. And babies thrive better on Heinz Strained Foods—dependable—perfectly cooked—thoroughly strained.

Vegetables, soup, cereal, fruit—12 kinds—all are "just what the doctor ordered." The ingredients are rushed from gardens to Heinz kitchens. Their freshness is always beyond question. They are cooked and tinned in their own natural juices and in the absence of air to preserve valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

#### Free Book for Mothers

H. J. Heinz Company has prepared a complete and interesting book on infant feeding entitled "What Shall I Feed My Baby?" This book is obtainable by sending three Heinz Strained Foods labels, any variety, with your name and address to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C, Toronto.



## COUGHS...

### Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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**ASTHMA**  
Soothing antiseptic vapors of Vapo-Cresolene relieve difficult breathing and permit restful sleep. Use this famous 58-year-old remedy. It relieves the paroxysms of whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma, and the coughs associated with bronchitis, laryngitis, and pneumonia. Drugless, harmless. At druggists. Send for booklet No. 2, Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
THE LITTLE LAMP OF HEALTH

# THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

...

## CHILDREN AND ACCIDENTS

Accidents are the causes of more deaths of infants than three of the most dreaded children's diseases

IT WILL surprise many to learn that deaths from accidents in infancy are greater in number than those from measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined. In America these deaths total more than 2,000 a year. The large majority are preventable if the infant has reasonable care.

In Canada in the period 1933-35, there were 76 deaths of infants from accidents in every 100,000 births. In the United States the proportion reached 97 per 100,000, the difference being due to the latter country having a large negro population. Among negro infants the accident death rate is about double that of white infants.

Suffocation is the chief cause of this mortality, and it accounts for about two thirds of infant deaths from accidents. These are commoner in winter than at any other season, because of babies being taken into bed with the parents for greater warmth. Soft pillows are a major hazard to the small baby.

The swallowing of foreign bodies, notably vomited food, is responsible for about nine per cent of these accidents, while burns and scalds add a similar toll. Falls out of bed, out of windows, downstairs, etc., form another important cause of such deaths.

Poisons and fires help to swell the total. Motor fatalities exhibit a minimum accident rate in infancy. They amount to but five in every 100,000. There has been very little improvement in accidental infant deaths in the last fifteen years.

The fault usually lies with the parents. In some cases they have neglected to give the babies proper supervision; in others they have lacked proper instruction. With adequate care hundreds of infant lives, lost through accident, might have been saved.

Instruction of the kind should be given by doctors and nurses, for they know the dangers and how these dangers may be avoided.

Some mothers are very helpless in baby emergencies. A woman, otherwise intelligent and educated, called her doctor on the telephone, telling him that her baby was in convulsions. "What should she do?"

"Put him in a warm bath till I come," replied the doctor. The instruction was obeyed. The bath was placed on top of the hot stove, with the baby in it. As but a single layer of tin separated the baby's buttocks from the top of the stove, the result can be well imagined.

## YOUR QUESTION BOX

**Question**—My twin baby boy, five months old, was born prematurely. He has had jaundice. He is bright and active. How soon can I put him on other foods? How is pabulum prepared?—(Mrs.) E. N., Newellton, Cape Sable Island, N.S.

**Answer**—I enclose a plan of feeding which will tell you the foods to give your boy, the proportions, etc. Pabulum is any sort of soft food, usually made with milk. Pabulum is the name of a patent baby food.

\* \* \*

**Question**—My baby, ten months old, now weighs 29½ pounds. He is a prize-winning baby. After birth he couldn't retain anything on his stomach for the reason that a fatty tumor prevented any passage. He was successfully operated upon. Could anything have caused this before birth? Could anything have prevented it? Is there any danger of a return of this trouble?—(Mrs.) E. W. B., St. Thomas, Ont.

**Answer**—I think that you have been very fortunate with your boy. Nothing that I know of could have prevented the condition. I do not know the cause of it. The fact that he is doing so well is a good guarantee that

there will be no return. Fatty tumors do not recur.

\* \* \*

**Question**—My baby boy is one year old and weighs 29 pounds. He is 30 inches in height and has eight teeth. He has an itchy rash on ankles, bend of legs and arms and back of ears. Please advise.—(Mrs.) R. M. P., Cranbrook, B.C.

**Answer**—The reason of your boy's rash is not from any prenatal or postnatal cause in you. Try painting the parts with a mixture of equal parts of liq. carbonis detergens and dilute lead lotion. Your druggist will mix it for you.

\* \* \*

**Question**—I wish to buy for my little girl (ten years) a set of reference books or children's encyclopedia, second hand. Are such used books safe? Could they be disinfected? Can books be fumigated?—(Mrs.) E. H. F., Vancouver, B.C.

**Answer**—The books will be perfectly safe, since germs of disease do not live for any length of time in dry material such as books. Books could be fumigated and thus disinfected, but it is not worth while.

## IF BABY IS CROSS FIND OUT WHY

HEALTHY BABIES are not cross. Your baby should not be cross. If he is, then something in his little system is "out of order". Probably Baby's Own Tablets can promptly "put it right". Mrs. H—, of Fenelon Falls, had the experience. She writes: "My little girl was irritable, feverish and sometimes sick at her stomach—what a relief it was, after giving her Baby's Own Tablets, to see how much better she was."

No matter how delicate your baby may be these little sweet-tasting tablets cannot harm him. Easy to take. Promptly effective. Free from opiates and stupefying drugs. Analyst's report on every package.

Just as prompt in clearing up simple fevers, diarrhoea, colds, constipation, simple croup, colic, teething troubles and other minor ills of babyhood.

Never be without a full box of Baby's Own Tablets. Sickness so often strikes in the night.

If you are not satisfied with the results your druggist will give your money back.

## The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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**CASH'S**  
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CASH'S 3 doz. \$1.50 6 doz. \$2.00 NO-So Cement NAMES 9 doz. \$2.50 12 doz. \$3.00 25¢ a tube

## Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Mild Strength Musterole No. 2 on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Made in Canada, in three strengths: Regular, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. All druggists. 40¢ each.

CHILDREN'S  
**MUSTEROLE**  
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER  
MILD



# hatsellaine's HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME  
MANAGEMENT - Conducted  
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

# 1938



## NEW YEAR'S EVE MERRY - GO - ROUND

Photograph  
by Milne Studios

*Why not greet 1938 with a Calendar Party?  
It's novel and it's lots of fun for everybody.*

by F. M. LUNAU

**I**F THERE is any time above all others when a program must be planned for every minute, it is the celebration of New Year's Eve. So let us try a Calendar party, with or without "Signs of the Times" costumes.

For invitations, cut from yellow cardboard the outline of a large openface watch (like grandfather's old one). Cut it double, making the fold come at one side, and loop a small ring of gold cord through the fold. Over the front of the "watch" paste a smaller circle of white paper, and draw upon it the numerals and hands using black ink. The hands should both point to twelve. Inside write the following:

When '38 comes to our town,  
We'd like to have you here,  
So come around next Friday night  
To greet the brand-new year.

On one of the inner sides write your name and address, and on the other write, "Come at eight (?) and stay as late as you like."

With Christmas greens for a background, decorating

for the affair will be simple. You can easily give the required touch by cutting bells of all sizes from silver cardboard and hanging them from doorways and windows. Real bells to be rung at midnight should be hung from the centre light fixture. The possibilities for "timely" decorations are legion. Make the clock conspicuous by twining it with garlands; set the alarm clocks to "go off" at certain times throughout the evening; display huge calendars wherever advantageous.

January, dressed in "long clothes" and wearing a crocheted or knitted baby bonnet to represent the infant year, should meet the guests at the door.

February dressed as a Valentine takes the guests in charge for the matching of partners. In a softly lighted corner behind a screen is Cupid's Well, where fates for the coming year can be ascertained. The stones forming the well are made of crepe paper in grey shades pasted on a round cardboard box, with an artificial vine of rambler roses climbing bravely up to the well curb. Reaching into the mysterious depths of the well are found tiny cards, those for the men having a golden arrow painted on them, while the girls' cards bear gay red hearts. On the other side should be a clever jingle of prophecy for the year ahead. Each heart has a number on it which corresponds to the number on one

of the arrows, and the couple whose fates are thus matched are partners for the first game.

A colleen in a dress of bright green, skirt short and full, and a scarlet handkerchief around the low neck of the bodice might have charge of March's contest of "Irishisms."

On fifteen white paper slips, write with green crayon one "ism" and paste a shamrock, leaf, hat or harp on each. Number and pin these slips about the room, distribute pencils and paper to each couple and give fifteen minutes to work out the mixed-up letters.

- |                  |                 |               |
|------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. tiasn apikert | 2. rdilena      | 3. mhoraske   |
| 4. ynaberl tneos | 5. ylca eipp    | 6. sipuehrm   |
| 7. crmlkiei      | 8. aalllhhis    | 9. dasydp igp |
| 10. easskn       | 11. hnenvstetec | 12. ibdnlu    |
|                  | fo cahrm        | 15. ufro feal |
| 13. elonlce      | 14. daceirm     | eocrly        |

The answers are: 1, Saint Patrick; 2, Ireland; 3, shamrock; 4, blarney stone; 5, clay pipe; 6, murphies; 7, limerick; 8, shillalah; 9, Paddy's pig; 10, snakes; 11, seventeenth of March; 12, Dublin; 13, colleen; 14, emerald; 15, four leaf clover.

Tiny pots of shamrock make acceptable gifts to couple having most correct answers. ♦ Continued on page 48



# R<sub>x</sub> Bicarbonate of Soda



**B**ICARBONATE OF SODA is prescribed as a safe and effective relief for indigestion, acid stomach and heartburn—half a teaspoonful in half a glass of cool water. This may be repeated in half an hour if necessary. Whenever Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for medicinal purposes Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with perfect confidence. There is no purer or better Bicarbonate of Soda than Cow Brand—obtainable everywhere, in sealed packages, for just a few cents.

## DESSERT Ginger-Bread

1½ cups all-purpose flour  
1 tspn Cow Brand Baking Soda  
¼ tspn salt  
1 tspn ginger  
¼ cup shortening  
½ cup sugar  
1 egg  
½ cup molasses  
¾ cup boiling water



Sift, then measure the flour. Sift three times with the baking soda, salt and ginger.

Cream shortening until light and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition.

Next, add unbeaten egg, beating briskly.

Add molasses. Then add dry ingredients, beating until smooth. Stir in boiling water.

Turn into greased loaf pan (8" x 8"). Bake 30-40 minutes at 350°F.

**FREE BOOKLETS**—Interesting booklets describing the cooking and medicinal uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda are yours for the asking. Just fill in the coupon below and mail to

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PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA



Ellen lifted her chin. "If some men would drink more milk . . ."

"They might learn to sing," Vic said quickly. "Now there's a thought for today."

Dave laughed, a short unpleasant sound, and Ellen looked at him coldly. "They might learn to control their feelings a little better," she said and went out.

Dave whistled a few bars for Vic's benefit but he felt guilty and a little ashamed of himself. He had only met Paul Davis once and he had conceived an instant dislike for him. "He may have a voice, but there's no doubt at all that he *has* a very high opinion of himself," he had told Ellen before the tenor's arrival today. That she should devote herself so conspicuously to someone she knew he disliked seemed to him a deliberate affront.

THE CROWD in the living room was thinning out now. "Good-by, such a nice party, dear boy. So charming to hear Mr. Davis sing!" "So sweet of you to sing for us so informally, Mr. Davis!"—"Good-by, Mr. Davis, you've given us so much pleasure—"

Dave rushed back and forth, finding coats and hats, seeing people to the door. He held old Mrs. Rowland's coat while she invited Paul Davis to dinner, "Shall we say a week from Tuesday, then?" Heard Sue Price gurgling that Mr. Davis must come to her, soon. Saw Mr. Davis gallantly kissing small jewelled hands.

He had gone into the bedroom which was doing service as a coat room for the day, to fetch Mrs. Dewart's coat and there, to his surprise, was Ellen, already in hers, transferring her orchids to her silver fox collar. "Hey, where are you going?" he said. "I can't get away just yet, El."

"I didn't expect you could," Ellen said. "But I've got to go or I won't have time to dress before dinner. It's opera night, you know."

"You can wait five minutes for me, can't you?"

She finished with the orchid and turned from the mirror to face him. "I'd rather not, Dave. You haven't made yourself very agreeable today."

He advanced upon her, eyes narrowed, chin thrust out. "How do you know that? You haven't seen anything of me all afternoon."

"I've seen enough to know you were in an awfully mean mood."

"You saw that, did you? I suppose I had no cause—"

"Certainly you had no cause."

"Okay. I'm sorry." He went over to her, his arms outstretched but she caught his hands and held him away. "I said I'm sorry—"

She shook her head slowly. "Being sorry doesn't alter the fact that you've acted like a sullen little boy all afternoon."

"Well, you must admit it's no fun for a man to see his best girl mooning around a—"

"I was only trying to be gracious to your guest of honor."

"Well, you needn't have bothered on my account."

"It was no bother—it was a real pleasure."

"Yes, I could see you were enjoying yourself. So could everybody else. And you know darn well I can't stand the little twirl."

"That's unfortunate for you," she

said. "He's perfectly charming—a real person." She went to the door and there she turned. "Paul Davis is one of the most distinguished men I've ever met."

By the time Dave had his anger under control, found Mrs. Dewart's coat and went back to the living room, Ellen had gone. So had Paul Davis. Dave said, "Too bad. I never did get a chance to thank him for performing for us."

"Maybe that's why he walked off with your girl," Vic said wickedly.

But old Mrs. Dewart was shocked. "When I was young, an engaged girl would never have dreamed of flirting like that with another man."

Little Sue Price noticed Dave's face and did what she could to draw the attention of the others from it. "They probably dreamed of it all right," she said, "even if they didn't do it."

Which gave Dave a chance to recover himself. He said smoothly, "Yes, times have changed, and girls, too. Nowadays they want variety."

"Especially when it looks like that and can sing too," Sue said. "You'd better come along home with me, Davey—let her see if you care!"

Dave had no desire to go home with Sue but he had even less desire to stay and participate in Vic's post mortem on the party. And so he got his coat, and presently he and Sue were in the tonneau of her big town car inching through the heavy northbound traffic.

She said, almost at once. "You and Ellen have been quarrelling, haven't you, Davey?"

"The woman's psychic!" Dave said.

Sue was five feet four, weighed a hundred and twelve and had the cuddly appeal of a Persian kitten. But ever since Carl's birth she had been playing the role of mother outside as well as in the nursery, perhaps more outside than in, if the truth must be told, and now she laid her little hand on Dave's and said, "Tell mother all about it, darling."

"There never is anything to tell in these cases, is there?" he said. "We both seem to have been kind of jittery lately—been burning the proverbial candle at both ends and the middle—and I suppose I did make an ass of myself this afternoon."

"I just suppose you did, darling. You shouldn't have let her see you were jealous of Paul Davis."

"Jealous?" he said. "Hey, you're talking like a tea kettle now, lady. I admit I prefer some of the things we pay the exterminator to get rid of to Paul Davis, but as for being jealous of him!" He laughed at the absurd suggestion.

"It's nothing against you if you are," Sue said. "He's terribly attractive—"

"So El tells me." He laughed again. "Well, whether I was jealous or not I guess I made seven kinds of a fool of myself," though he didn't really believe that. "Anyway, it's all over now," he said. "And I'll know better next time. I'm learning the way of a maid with an opera singer—and we have to fight about something, I suppose. The course of true love, you know—"

The car stopped and Sue said, when he was helping her out, "That's the bunk. The course of true love does too run smooth—Jim and I have never had a real quarrel in our lives."

A record + Continued on page 43



This syrup is the refined product of sugar—a genuine sugar syrup. It comes from England, where it has been a favourite for many years. It has a sweetness which does not cloy the palate. You can use it in your cooking wherever recipes call for molasses, and get delicious results. You can use it as a sauce for steam puddings, boiled rice and other cereals. Children love it spread on bread and butter, or on Sunday morning's toast.

Chain stores and grocers catering to the better-class trade have it. Order some today.



## Doctor at Eighty Defies Disease and Sickness

Dr. Robt. G. Jackson positively dares ill-health to attack him—even flu or the common cold. A physical wreck at fifty he has since enjoyed amazing good health for almost thirty years. Dr. Jackson accomplished this by eating alkali forming foods, taking proper exercise and living normally according to nature's laws. His chief food is Roman Meal, the vitalizing, mineral-rich cereal and Kofy-Sub, the delicious alkaline beverage. Others can build health, strength and resistance by following the doctor's example. Protect yourself from the rigors of winter by eating Roman Meal. You'll be surprised at the improvement in your health and vigor. Get a package from your grocer today—and write Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto, for valuable free health literature.





## Strange Day

Continued from page 15

satin covers to the beds, and ate supper off a lace tablecloth. Their farm place was a toy, and they played at farming. That was why they wanted Ember.

The girl in the car was the daughter, Cynthia Westerwood. Lee had seen her the time they stopped by the Terrin place. The man she did not know. He looked lazy and amused, and as if nothing had ever surprised him. He tipped a floppy green straw hat off Cynthia's head; the hat must have been near a yard across; he flung it carelessly into the back seat. Lee, watching the sleek dark head beneath, smoothed the moist little curls back from her own ears. He said lightly: "Now let's see you do your stuff."

The car's coming changed the whole air of the place. The crowd was holden, breath-still. But under the shed a wind of excitement blew. The buyers hitched up their belts and wiped their hands. George rolled down his sleeves. They all pressed forward to the edge of the platform. The auctioneer took off his hat, and held it against his chest, and bowed.

Cynthia said something, low, to her companion, and they both laughed. Her eyes went over the group. "What am Ah off'ud?" she said. The soft little drawl, recently acquired, was more southern than south itself.

The auctioneer bowed again. "My heart and my hand, lady."

"Ah'll take cash," said Cynthia. Everybody laughed then.

George flushed a lovely crimson. "Three," he said.

"Oh, but they're woth mo'," Cynthia protested sweetly. "Bring me a basket an' Ah'll show yo'."

There was a rush to the back of the car and the crate was opened. The berries were dry-ended. Half a dozen baskets were passed into the front seat. Cynthia made a great affair of choosing the fattest and ripest; she fed one to every buyer for the flavor.

"Did yo' evah eat be'ies lak that in all yo' bo'n days? Aren' they sweet?"

The man with Cynthia flipped open a gold case and handed it round among the buyers.

"Be a spo't," said Cynthia.

"Four," said the enraptured George.

"Four fifty," said the other buyer instantly, amused and teasing.

"Be a big spo't an' give me five," urged Cynthia. "'Spec' they cos' ten."

"Ah'm a po' gal an' Ah need a wave."

"Five," said George thickly.

The other buyers turned away, laughing. "Take them," someone said. "I want to keep my job."

George brought the carboys: 1 crate at \$5. "Ah'll remembah yo'," Cynthia Westerwood promised.

Lee's fingers closed urgently about Ember's wrist. "There!" she said. "You see? That's what I mean."

Ember's look was hurt and faintly puzzled. "Them berries," he said heavily, "was no better than Charlie Moody's."

"Of course they weren't," Lee cried impatiently. "That's what I'm telling you. If you bare things, you get things. Miss Westerwood got a green hat, and he's got a gold case, and they've got

that lovely car all trimmed with silver. And so they get five dollars for their dewb'ries."

"I hardly ever heard of such a price," said Ember marvelling.

"Nor nobody," said Lee sharply. And added: "If we had a car like that we could get five dollars too."

The thought grew shapely once she set words to it. She turned it in her mind. Cynthia Westerwood had a wide green hat and a wide green belt, and her hair was smoother, and her speech, and there was red on her lips. Yet she was not more beautiful than Lee Deacon. Her coloring was much the same: dark hair and eyes, and a white skin that lacked Lee's miracle of bloom. Her voice was wrong pitched for C'lina talk. Her plain white dress was no stylisher than Lee's, and her feet were bare between the straps of the green linen sandals. Yet . . . Cynthia Westerwood could get anything. Resentment pinched Lee's red mouth.

"She's kind of pretty," she said tentatively.

"Yes," said Ember. She waited for him to say she was not half so pretty as Lee Deacon. He did not say it.

She prodded him. "Don't you see what I mean now?"

"Yes," he said. "I see. I don't know if it's so."

The Westerwoods had dropped their crate of berries at the vans, and stopped by the booth where the orders were cashed. Now they circled back through the crowd, the challenge of the horn flung wide, and drew up to watch the bidding. They laughed a lot. The car shone like black well water. The thought flicked again across Lee's mind.

"Let's go over and speak to them," she said.

"I haven't made up my mind to anything," Ember warned her.

"You don't have to. Won't do harm to pass the time o' day." She added in irritation: "Why couldn't you a-worn your Sunday pants?"

"Tisn't Sunday," Ember said literally. "All right; come along, if you've a mind to."

THE CAR was even grander, near to. It had little glass wings to the windshield, and a silver monogram. But Miss Cynthia turned a blank face, as if she had never seen them.

Lee was affronted; but Ember acted like he didn't even notice. "I'm Ember Terrin," he said. "Reckon you'll remember Leah Deacon."

"Of course," said Miss Cynthia then. And added, after an instant: "Mr. Poole." Mr. Randolph Poole, it appeared, was the Westerwoods' house-guest. Lee wondered at the word. "You know, Randy—father was telling you about Terrin."

Ember Terrin reached in and shook hands heartily with Mr. Randolph Poole. But Lee hid her hands behind her, shamefast of dewberry stain. Ember was completely unself-conscious, leaning easily on the window ledge. Lee wished he would as much as smooth his hair down.

Poole brought out the gold case again. But Ember shook his head. "If you'd worked the tobacco long as

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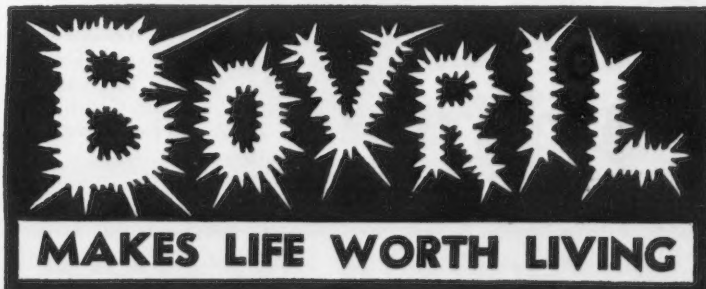
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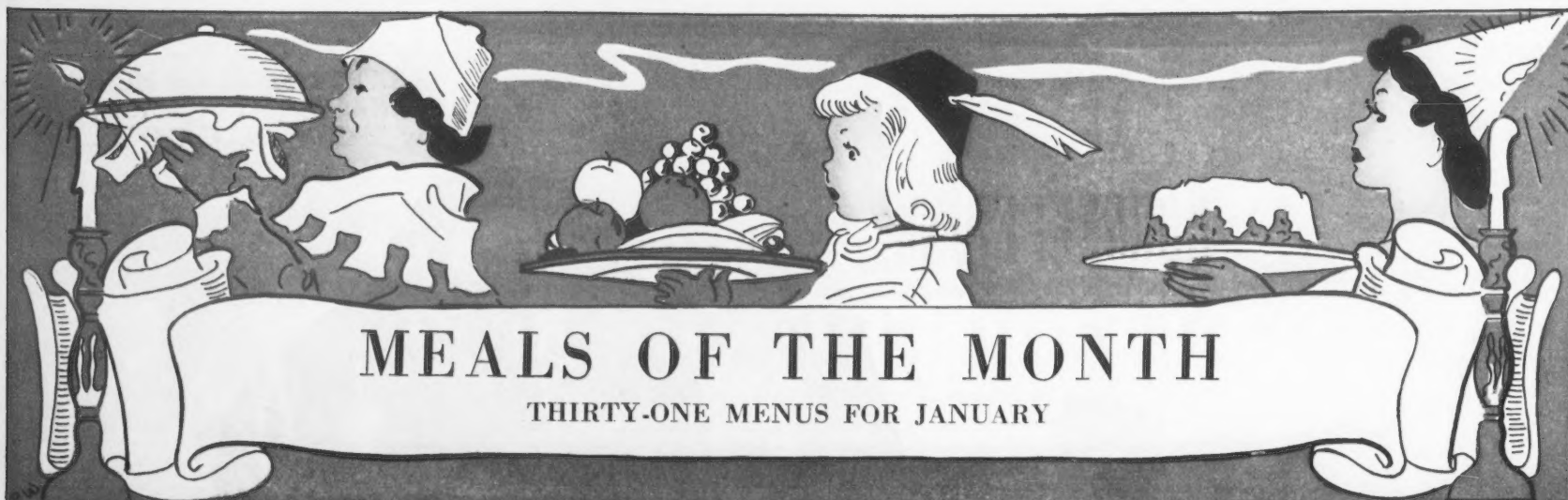
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37-56







**1 BREAKFAST**  
(New Year's Day)  
Chilled Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Waffles with Honey  
Coffee Tea

**2 (Sunday)**  
Sliced Oranges  
Fish Cakes  
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

**3**  
Cereal with Chopped Dates  
Whole Wheat Muffins  
Marmalade  
Coffee Tea

**4**  
Sliced Bananas  
Cereal  
Bacon Coffee Toast Tea

**5**  
Stewed Prunes  
Cereal  
Brown Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

**6**  
Orange Juice  
Plain Omelet  
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

**7**  
Half Grapefruit  
Cereal  
Toasted Biscuits  
Coffee Apple Butter Tea

**8**  
Stewed Apples  
Cereal  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Coffee Toast Tea

**9 (Sunday)**  
Pineapple Juice  
Baby Sausages  
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

**10**  
Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Bacon Toast Marmalade  
Coffee Tea

**11**  
Stewed Apricots  
Bread and Milk  
Bran Muffins  
Coffee Jam Tea

**12**  
Oranges  
Cereal  
Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

**13**  
Grapefruit Juice  
French Toast  
Coffee Syrup Tea

**14**  
Cereal with Raisins  
Toast  
Stewed Fruit  
Coffee Tea

**15**  
Sliced Bananas  
Cereal  
Toast Coffee Honey Tea

**16 (Sunday)**  
Orange and Lemon Juice  
Poached Eggs  
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

**LUNCHEON or SUPPER**  
Curried Chicken with Boiled Rice  
Sweet Pickles Celery  
Assorted Tartlets  
Tea Cocoa

Creamed Eggs on Toast  
Pineapple, Banana and Grape  
Cup  
Chocolate Cake  
Tea Cocoa

Casserole of Ham and Macaroni  
Lettuce Sandwiches  
Canned Cherries  
Cake  
Tea Cocoa

Salmon and Celery Salad  
Brown Bread  
Stewed Prunes  
Drop Cookies  
Tea Cocoa

Cheese Toast and Bacon  
Baked Apples with Cream  
Tea Cocoa

Cream of Tomato Soup  
Jellied Raw Vegetable Salad  
Hot Biscuits Honey  
Tea Cocoa

Baked Stuffed Onions  
Tomato Catsup  
Crackers Jam Cheese  
Tea Cocoa

Pork and Beans  
Brown Bread  
Canned Plums  
Tea Cookies Cocoa

Onion Soup with Grated  
Cheese  
Saltines  
Fresh Fruit Salad  
Frosted Gingerbread Squares  
(from Saturday)  
Tea Cocoa

Grilled Smoked Fish  
with Lemon  
Hashed Brown Potatoes  
Apricots Wafers  
Tea Cocoa

Creamed Chipped Beef  
on Toast  
Mixed Pickles  
Strawberry Jelly Whip  
Tea Cocoa

Pepperpot Soup  
Beet and Celery Salad  
Butter Tarts  
Tea Cocoa

Cold Meat  
Pickles or Relish  
Fried Potato Slices  
Apple Sauce Gingersnaps  
Tea Cocoa

Mushroom or Onion Omelet  
Brown Toast  
Canned Pears Spice Cake  
Tea Cocoa

Vegetable Soup  
Crackers  
Head Lettuce Salad  
Caramel Custard Molds  
Tea Cocoa

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches  
Sardine Sandwiches  
Date and Nut Sandwiches  
Assorted Relishes  
Cream Puffs  
Hot Chocolate

**DINNER**  
Fruit Cup  
Baked Virginia Ham  
Jellied Horseradish  
Candied Sweet Potatoes  
Boiled Savoy Cabbage  
Coffee Cranberry Sauce Tea

Cream of Mushroom Soup  
Cold Sliced Ham  
Hot Mustard  
Baked Potatoes  
Harvard Beets  
Hot Mince Pie  
Coffee Tea

Loin Lamb Chops  
Mashed Potatoes Carrots  
Lemon Bread Pudding  
Coffee Tea

Scotch Broth  
Vegetable Plate  
(Canned Corn on the Cob,  
Browned Potato Cakes, Peas,  
Scalloped Tomatoes)  
Peach Shortcake  
Coffee Tea

Rolled Roast of Beef  
Franconia Potatoes  
Mashed Turnips  
Fruit Jelly  
Custard Sauce  
Coffee Tea

Cold Roast Beef  
Mustard Pickles  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Fried Parsnips  
Boiled Rice with Syrup  
Coffee Tea

Steamed Fillet of Haddock  
Creole Sauce  
French-fried Potatoes  
Canned Spinach  
Pineapple Blancmange  
Coffee Tea

Veal Stew  
Dumplings  
String Beans Corn  
Gingerbread Whipped Cream  
Coffee Tea

Roast Loin of Lamb  
Parsley Potatoes  
Creamed Celery  
Chilled Lemon Pudding  
with Toasted Coconut  
Coffee Tea

Diced Lamb and Vegetable Pie  
(biscuit or mashed potato crust)  
Shredded Cabbage and Carrot  
Salad  
Apple Betty  
Coffee Tea

Asparagus Soup  
Liver and Bacon  
Mashed Potatoes  
Buttered Onions  
Cup Cakes, Brown Sugar Sauce  
Coffee Tea

Mock Duck  
Baked Potatoes  
Stewed Tomatoes  
Chocolate Tapioca Cream  
Coffee Tea

Grilled Pork Chops  
Mashed Sweet Potatoes  
Peas  
Plain Baked Custard  
Coffee Tea

Scalloped Salmon  
Boiled Potatoes  
Brussels Sprouts  
Cranberry Tart Pie  
Coffee Tea

Meat Balls  
Mushroom Gravy  
Mashed Potatoes Carrots  
Diced Fruits in Jelly  
Cake  
Coffee Tea

Roast Duck  
Bread and Celery Stuffing  
Riced Potatoes, Glazed Onions  
Steamed Carrot Pudding  
Coffee Hard Sauce Tea

**17 BREAKFAST**  
Apple Sauce  
Cereal  
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

**18**  
Grapes  
Cereal  
Toasted Rolls  
Coffee Jam Tea

**19**  
Tomato Juice  
Pancakes  
Coffee Syrup Tea

**20**  
Sliced Oranges  
Grilled Kidneys  
Coffee Toast Tea

**21**  
Stewed Prunes  
Cereal  
Scrambled Eggs  
Coffee Toast Tea

**22**  
Grapefruit  
Creamed Fish on Toast  
(left-over)  
Coffee Tea

**23 (Sunday)**  
Cranberry Juice  
French Toast  
Syrup or Lemon Sauce  
Coffee Tea

**24**  
Bananas  
Cereal  
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

**25**  
Orange Juice  
Cereal  
Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea

**26**  
Cereal with Chopped Figs  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Coffee Toast Tea

**27**  
Apples  
Cereal  
Liver Coffee Toast Tea

**28**  
Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Leftover Johnny Cake  
Coffee Jelly Tea

**29**  
Stewed Apricots  
Parsley Omelet  
Coffee Toast Tea

**30 (Sunday)**  
Grapefruit Juice  
Cereal  
Grilled Kippers  
Coffee Toast Tea

**31**  
Oranges  
Cereal  
Toasted Muffins Honey  
Coffee Tea

**LUNCHEON or SUPPER**  
Rice and Leftover Duck  
Croquettes  
Tomato Sauce  
Rolls Cream Cheese  
Tea Marmalade Cocoa

Frankfurters  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Fruit Trifle  
Tea Cocoa

Macaroni and Cheese  
Hard Brown Rolls  
Canned Blackberries  
Tea Cocoa

Casserole of Lima  
Beans with Bacon  
Melba Toast  
Half Grapefruit  
Tea Cocoa

Oyster Stew  
Crackers  
Waldorf Salad  
Nut Bread  
Tea Cocoa

Cold Meat  
Mustard  
Potato Salad  
Prune Whip  
Tea Cocoa

Noodle Soup  
Molded Vegetable Salad  
Rolls  
Orange Layer Cake  
Tea Cocoa

Scrambled Eggs with  
Tomatoes  
Canned Peaches  
Filled Cookies  
Tea Cocoa

Bacon  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Dill Pickles  
Stewed Figs  
Tea Cocoa

Creamed Chicken and  
Mushrooms on Toast  
Jellied Apple Sauce  
Icebox Cookies  
Tea Cocoa

Welsh Rarebit  
Celery Curls  
Rolls Tea Jam Cocoa

Cream of Asparagus Soup  
Salmon or Lobster Salad  
Grape Tapioca  
Tea Cocoa

Sliced Fresh Bologna  
Hashed Brown Potatoes  
Lettuce with Russian Dressing  
Cup Custards  
Tea Cocoa

Scalloped Oysters in Ramekins  
Bran Muffins  
Apricots Small Cakes  
Tea Cocoa

Spaghetti  
Brown Bread and Butter  
Fruit Salad  
Tea Cocoa

**DINNER**  
Oven-cooked Round Steak  
Baked Potatoes  
Mashed Parsnips  
Mixed Diced Fruits  
Cake  
Coffee Tea

Bean Soup  
Vegetable Plate  
(Carrot Ring with Creamed  
Peas, Scalloped Potatoes,  
Boiled Cabbage)  
Black Currant Rolyoly  
Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea

Roast of Beef  
Yorkshire Pudding  
Browned Potatoes Beets  
Coffee Apple Crisp Tea

Tomato Bouillon  
Cold Roast Beef  
Mashed Potatoes, Fried Celery  
Cottage Pudding  
Chocolate Sauce  
Coffee Tea

Fried Fish Steaks  
Tartare Sauce  
Savory Rice Cole Slaw  
Baked Bananas with Lemon  
Coffee Tea

Meat Pie  
Mashed Turnips Spinach  
Vanilla Rennet Custard  
with Toasted Almonds  
Coffee Tea

Mixed Grill  
(Lamb Chops, Sausage,  
Kidney and Bacon)  
Duchess Potatoes  
Buttered Corn  
Ice Cream, Butterscotch Sauce  
Coffee Tea

Dressed Spareribs  
Browned Potatoes  
Savory Cabbage  
Baked Apples with Cream  
Coffee Tea

Stewed Chicken  
Dumplings  
Riced Potatoes  
Green Beans  
Raisin Pie  
Coffee Tea

Broiled Steak  
Fried Onions  
Mashed Potatoes  
Buttered Carrots  
Cranberry Shortcake  
Coffee Tea

Grilled Fresh Ham  
Creamed Potatoes  
Stewed Tomatoes  
Johnny Cake Maple Syrup  
Coffee Tea

Fish and Chips  
Buttered Peas  
Sliced Oranges and Bananas  
Cake  
Coffee Tea

Kidney Stew  
Boiled Potatoes  
Green Beans  
Baked Rice Pudding  
Coffee Tea

Rib Roast of Beef  
Mashed Potatoes  
Buttered Canned Asparagus  
Maple Bavarian Cream  
Coffee Tea

Consommé  
Cold Roast Beef  
Browned Potato Cakes  
Creamed Carrots  
Apple Dumpling  
Coffee Raisin Sauce Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks  
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month



boisterously almost. Lee could not fathom it. Not until he pointed. Then, in one blinding flash, she saw. In the waiting queue before the runway, Ember and Cynthia Westerwood sat together on the high bare seat of the Terrin mule wagon.

In that moment Lee saw the shabby Terrin turnout, not with the kindly blurring of long habit, but sharply cut in all its hard details: the unpainted wagon boards, and the broad-banded wheels, leaning a little inward, bracing themselves against the sand; the broken place in the shaf that was fixed with winded cowhide, the rope reins knotted for handholds, the worn harness dark with mule sweat; the mules themselves, fat and healthy, but mothy from the shedding. Ember she saw too, without the grace of memory: a big slow man, earth-brown and earth-placid, his hair roughened with wind and sunscorch, and little weather lines about his eyes; his hands holding the lines between the clean worn knees of his jeans, and his head lifted, not even in bravado, but in unquestioning acceptance. She saw Cynthia beside him, bright as flame, drumming green heels against the footrail, and merrily laughing.

Lee's first feeling was of pure shame. Shame for Ember, so dull he couldn't see that Miss Cynthia was making a mock of him. A sharper shame for herself. Just when she was getting along so well with Mr. Poole, to have a mule team flung in her face. People were staring. Not the way she wanted them to stare, with awe and marvelling. There was an edge to their curiosity. A dry surmise went rustling among them. It would presently be mirth. The moment came crashing down in the thunder of Lee's anger.

"Let's drive along," she said.

LEE PRETENDED not to see them when they came back. The berries were gone, and the Terrin wagon was riding light, lurching over the ruts. Ember and Miss Cynthia were sitting close together in the middle of the seat. Cynthia's head was turned to Ember, like she was listening. They made one shape instead of two against the light.

Ember flung the reins across the mules' backs and climbed down. He lifted Cynthia down beside him. Lee did not turn her head.

Their voices came to Lee quite clearly. "It's the shape of the trees against the sky I'm liking best," Ember was saying. "All different, like the faces of people. Some have suffering in them, where they're storm-twist, and some are fair and shapely, and some are always reaching up like for something they'll never get."

"Why you're a poet," Cynthia said. "Shucks!" said Ember, suddenly embarrassed.

"It's the kind of thoughts that make poetry anyhow," Cynthia insisted. "You must tell me some more. You must show me. See you tomorrow, Ember?"

Lee turned her head then. They were walking toward the car. Cynthia Westerwood put her hand through Ember's arm. She had to reach up to do it.

"You ready?" Lee said sharply. "We got a right smart ways to drive."

Cynthia's hand lingered in Ember's. "Tomorrow," she repeated. "We'll

fix it up with dad about the place."

Poole roused himself from a long silence. "It's settled then?"

"Of course," said Cynthia.

It was a long time after that, and Lee was riding down a white road. Ember Terrin was very still beside her. He sat with his elbows on his knees, and the rope reins hung in his hands. The falling light touched the top of his head, but his face was in the shadow. Lee could not guess what thoughts were hidden there. They had not spoken since they left town.

"How much did you get?" Lee asked abruptly.

"Four," Ember said.

It was a great price. The greatest of the season, saving one. Lee was impressed. Words rose to her lips, and died there before the memory of Ember and Cynthia and the mule wagon. Things had never come the same after that moment of Poole's immoderate laughter. Her voice tightened.

"We got five," she said.

"That was fine," said Ember. The unhesitating praise checked her, so that again she spoke less generously than her thought.

"You could as well a-had five too, if you'd waited for the car."

"Maybe," said Ember.

For an instant she had the feeling that Ember would rather have four with the mule team than five with the Westerwoods' car. Some sediment of reason at the bottom of the thought troubled her. In self-justification she unpinned the money from her waist and began to reckon it over, laying the bills from one pile to another on her knees, counting slowly by fives. It was breath-still; the bills did not blow. "One hundred," murmured Lee. And picked up the carbon at the bottom of the pile.

For an instant the scrawled black letters stared at her, crooked and incredible, before she sensed them. 20 crates at \$3.50 . . . \$70. Then she knew. Her dewb'ries hadn't brought five. They'd brought three fifty. They'd brought less than Ember's. Poole had made up the difference. A picture flashed in her stunned mind: Poole leaning out with the cigarette case; George's words that she had not stopped to question: "Oh well. That's different then." Randy Poole had fooled her. He had thought it was . . . amusin'. Lee stacked the bills neatly on top of the carbon, and folded them. She unfolded them and took the carbon out. She handed it to Ember.

Ember tipped the paper to the light. It looked brazen in the sunglow. He handed it back again. "You didn't need to show me," he said slowly.

And Lee answered him without thought: "I couldn't not showed you."

Once the words were said, she knew how right they were. There was a truth in Ember Terrin that demanded truth back again.

And with that the knots of that strange day were all unloosed, and the truth lay bare before her. She had been pretending, making out she was different from what she was. She had thought Poole was impressed. He was just amusin' himself. He had tossed her thirty dollars for a whim, as he had flipped a dime to the little nigger boy unloading their crates. But Ember

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I have, you'd be gladly shed of it."

They laughed, as if he'd said something funny. Seemed they were always laughing, for no reason. "You going in for tobacco?" Poole asked Cynthia. They laughed at that too.

"Of course," she said. "Terrin's going to make our fortune."

"I haven't set my mind to coming yet," Ember told her.

"But you will," said Cynthia. She spoke with careless assurance. Lee saw it never occurred to her that it could be any different. The discovery at once annoyed Lee, and pleased her; Miss Westerwood would help her talk Ember over. She noted the small perfections of Cynthia's person: the curled lashes, the scarlet pointed nails, the crafty shaping of a mouth by nature narrow. There was something bright and brittle about her, like painted glass; a thin cool tinkle in her speech and laughter. She was prettier than Lee had thought her.

"We came to sell our dewberries and see the fun," she was saying. "Isn't it just too quaint and amusing?"

"It's not a game to us," said Ember staidly. "Our dewberries stand yonder. We were waiting for the price to pick up."

"Oh," said Cynthia, pouting. "We got five. Was that too awfully little?"

"It's all-time top, I reckon," said Ember generously.

But Lee was angered. They hadn't even tried. They hadn't even known what they were doing. She blurted it right out: "If we had a car like yours, we could get five too."

"Why, Lee!" said Ember, embarrassed. "How you talk!"

But Randy Poole looked full at Lee for the first time. She felt his glance sliding warm down her body, and she stood straight to show the nice fit of her dress. "I'll bet you could at that," Poole said.

That was what made her do it. She never would have dared it otherwise. "Maybe you'd as leave we borrowed it," said Lee.

THE NEXT half hour was a pure song of triumph in Lee's heart. This would prove her words to Ember. Ember would take the place at Westerwoods'. And everything would be all right forever after.

The plans were quickly made, once the fact was settled. The car could not carry all the berries; they would take the Deacons' first, then come back for the Terrins'.

"You drive," Ember said to Poole. "I wouldn't feel natural."

Lee was glad. Ember's blue jeans would have spoiled everything. But with Mr. Poole beside her, with herself in the white silk dress, no one would see any difference. She skipped before Ember, down between the wagons.

When they'd come to where they left the mules, they found other wagons drawn in solid behind them; they couldn't get close. Lee was glad of that too. The Westerwoods wouldn't have to see the shabby Terrin rig. Poole backed the car round and waited. He and Cynthia did not get out. Lee and Ember went to fetch the berries.

Ember didn't like the idea; Lee knew that. It was a prick in his stubborn integrity. But he wasn't mean about it. Lee admitted that it wasn't

in Ember to be mean. He handed down the quilt off'n the wagon seat.

"You spread it over them cushions," he said. "Mustn't get stains to the velvet."

Ember lifted the heavy crates handily. He put a row on the baggage rack and the rest inside.

"All change," Poole said; and Cynthia got out to wait with Ember. Lee stepped into enchantment.

The softness of those cushions Lee had never imagined. The car moved forward so smoothly that she heard Ember calling, "Good luck," after them. She did not look back. The horn peeled, and she saw the people rolled away, blown on the blast.

"Better put Cyn's hat on," Poole said. He reached for it where it lay on the top crate behind them; turned a mirror so that she could see. A cool green shadow fell on her. The hat added the final fillip to her joy. She looked up sideways at Randy Poole under the drooping brim.

Poole looked back at her, one idle hand on the wheel. "You're a cute little trick," he said. The light words excited her. They were so different from Ember's gentle, blundering tenderness. They glowed in her like seasoned dewberry wine. She was lifted out of herself into the likeness of Cynthia Westerwood. The car slid to a stop under the shed.

The buyers were crowding forward then, and the auctioneer was bowing. "Go ahead," Poole said.

And Lee lifted her head in the shady hat, and said: "What am Ah off'ud?" The slurring speech slid softly from her lips.

Yet at once Lee was conscious of something not quite right. *My heart and my hand, lady.* That should have come next. "What's this?" somebody said instead. "I thought we bought you out."

"That was just a sample," Poole said. "Now we've brought you something."

"They're better'n the others," Lee put in eagerly. "Them berries was dry-ended. These are prime. Hand me a basket and I'll show you."

There was no rush to the back of the car. Lee saw George staring with a puzzled frown. His eyes looked narrow in the shadow of the shed. They looked green. Maybe it was the hat. "Shake a leg!" Poole said. Somebody brought a basket then.

Lee began to pick out berries, as Cynthia had done, for the buyers to taste. Suddenly she stopped. Suddenly she saw her own hands, hovering there above the fruit. Lee had nice hands, slender and strong; her fingers were quick in the berry field or with the tobacco looping. But they bore the mark of labor. There was a thorn scratch on one wrist. The fingertips, no ovals of scarlet and chalk, were stained with indelible blue. Lee's hands betrayed her.

Lee put her hands under the basket and held it toward the buyers. "He's yo'self," she said. "They're all alike. Aren't they sweet?"

"Yeah. They're good berries," somebody said.

And somebody else said: "Go ahead, George; it's your bid." They were amused, a shade malicious, at George's predicament.

"Three fifty," George said sullenly.

"Yeah?" said the auctioneer.

"Three seventy-five."

"Be a spote," Lee said. She was not quite sure what a spote was, but it was the magic word of Cynthia. "You paid five for the others."

George did not meet her eyes. He looked at Poole. "I don't get this," he said. "I know I paid five. I know these are better. So what? Five dollars is five dollars; but a hund'ed is a hund'ed. I got to look after my own intrusts."

"Right," Poole said easily. "Have a smoke." He leaned through the window, passing the gold case, and his head came close to George. "Oh well," George said. "That's different." And took a cigarette. Randy Poole lit it.

"Be a big spote," Lee urged.

"Five," said George.

Instantly, then, everything was all right again. Lee had had a bad moment. It was over. They hadn't noticed her stained hands. With the great car for a background they hadn't noticed anything. Ember would see now that she was right.

George was leaning over the checker, watching him make out the slip; he brought the carbons to the car. Poole shoved them negligently into his pocket. The car hummed. Folks watched them, gate-mouthed, as they drew out from under the shed.

Poole drove round by the vans, and a little nigger boy in bone-rimmed spectacles with no glass unloaded their dewberries. Lee was impressed; she and Ember did their own unloading. They got their receipt and went to the cashier's. "You wait," Poole said. "I'll get your money." Lee was pleased. He was treating her like a lady.

When Poole came back, he handed Lee a bundle of bills. Lee thumbed them through carefully before she pinned them inside her waist. The extra carbon, the one they gave you to keep, Poole crumpled carelessly and dropped on the floor of the car. When Poole wasn't looking, Lee drew it toward her with her foot; maybe he would laugh if he knew she wanted to keep it. But 20 crates at \$5. . . . that was a thing to show your grandchildren. She tucked the paper into her waist with the money.

"Thank you for the use of the car," she said primly.

They swung back then through the crowd. Suddenly Lee couldn't bear to have it over. She wanted folks to look at her. She wanted them to say, "That's Lee Deacon and the house-guest from Westerwoods'. They got five." "Let's stop and watch," she said timidly. She sought for some word that should hold him; some fine, citified word. She wanted him to see that she was different: aloof from pettiness, not caught in the mesh of lands and labor. "Quaint, isn't it?" she said.

"Quaint?" said Poole. "It's fantastic."

"Yes," said Lee uncertainly. She turned the word in her mind, savoring it. She groped for another to go with it. "And amusing," she ventured.

"I have," Randy Poole admitted, "been amused."

Abruptly he was laughing. Not the light laughter that was his nature, but



salad. Garnish with appropriate crispness and there's a light but appealing main course, midway between a hot soup and a pie with a tangy flavor.

#### Swedish Haddock Loaf

- 1 1/4 Pounds of fresh haddock
- 5/8 Cupful of butter
- 2 Eggs
- 1/4 Cupful of cream
- 1/4 Cupful of flour
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- Dash of sugar

Wipe the fish and remove any skin and bones. Put the fish and butter through the food chopper three times, using the finest knife, then work to a smooth paste. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add one half of the cream and combine with the flour, salt, pepper and sugar. Add the fish mixture and the remaining cream alternately and work together until thoroughly blended and smooth. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the mixture into a buttered loaf tin. Sprinkle buttered crumbs lightly over the top, place the tin in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven and cook for about one hour, or steam over boiling water.

Serve hot with tomato, parsley, mushroom or lobster sauce.

#### Molded Fish Salad

- 1 to 2 Cupfuls of cooked or canned flaked fish
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimiento
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1/2 Cupful of thinly sliced celery
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped capers
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- 1 Cupful of mayonnaise

Combine the flaked fish and chopped pimiento, add the salt, paprika and lemon juice and allow the mixture to stand in a cool place for about one-half hour. Add the prepared celery and capers. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and place over hot water to dissolve. Combine with the mayonnaise and add the fish mixture. Turn into a cold, damp mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded on crisp lettuce, garnished with lemon sections, hard-cooked egg and watercress. \*

### Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 36

which, if it were absolutely genuine, was shortly to be shattered. The Prices occupied a Park Avenue duplex and Sue had no sooner set the key in the lock than it flew open to reveal her husband. "Well, here you are!" he said in a voice half roar, half sob. "I've been phoning all over the city! Do you know what's happened to your child? No, of course you don't! How should you? What's your child compared to your cursed parties! For all you know, or care, probably, he could be dead!"

"Dead! Jim, what are you talking about? What's happened—has anything happened? Isn't Carl—Jim! He's not ill!"

The light treble of Sue's voice had risen to a shriek, her pretty childish face had gone white and wild, and her husband said quickly, savagely, "No, he's not ill—he's all right, thank God. He's on his way home, now. She's bringing him over—"

"Who's bringing him? You mean he isn't home! He should have been in bed by this time—who's bringing—"

"That woman—that dancing teacher. I didn't even know her name. I had to call up Sally Dunhill. That fool nurse walked off and left him there—I told you when I first saw her I wouldn't trust her around the corner."

Jim was a good-looking, athletic young man. Dave had never seen him show any deeper emotion than casual good nature, just as he had never seen Sue anything but poised and gay. Now they were scarcely recognizable, their faces distorted, their voices harsh, the social amenities forgotten. Dave was horribly embarrassed, as he sat waiting in the living room.

Presently something abruptly muffled the sound of Sue's voice. Jim's, muffled too, came in incoherent explosions of tenderness and comfort. Dave went shaky with relief and found himself suddenly thinking of

Ellen, new and frightening thoughts. Of Ellen as his wife, the mother, perhaps, of his children. Of an Ellen in tears or in pain; Ellen with her fluted golden head tousled and her lovely face shiny with cold cream. His wife.

He had never thought of her quite like this before and he knew an uneasy sense of guilt thinking of her like this now; as though he were looking through a keyhole. Yet, she was the woman he was going to marry! It came to him with a shock that he knew Ellen as little as he knew anyone else in New York. In all the months they had known each other, not even since they had been engaged, had they ever explored the quiet places of each other's souls. The urge to do so now, to speak not to the smooth, cool, smiling Ellen he knew, but to the latent woman in her, to the prospective wife and mother, was so strong in him that it was like physical pain. He wanted to hold her in his arms, tell her that he understood, that he would take care of her, that they must never quarrel again. As he made for the telephone that he knew was in the little hall between the kitchen and the dining room, he thought that perhaps Ellen, too, had felt this lack of deeper spiritual contact.

"This is Mr. Ramsey. I'd like to speak to Miss Minor, please." And when, after a century, he heard her voice, his own sounded strange to him. "Darling! Darling, this is Dave!"

"I know—where are you?"

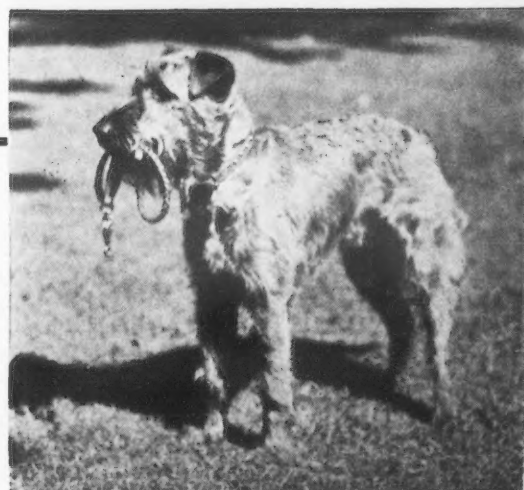
"At the Prices'. El, listen, I want to see you tonight—now!"

"But you can't. I'm going to the opera—you knew that."

"Don't go, sweet. I want to tell you—El, I was rotten this afternoon. Do you forgive me?"

"Of course. But—"

"Don't go to the opera, dear. Stay



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**PERFECTION SALAD**  
(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)  
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup hot water  
1/4 cup mild vinegar 1/4 cup sugar  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded  
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces  
1 pimiento, cut in small pieces, or  
2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green peppers  
Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add sugar, salt and hot water, and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves or endive, and garnish with mayonnaise dressing. Or cut salad in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into individual molds lined with canned pimientos.

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... Ember hadn't pretended the least bit. He never would.

"It was a mean thing for him to do." She did not realize till afterward how naturally she'd turned to Ember for comfort.

"Yes," said Ember.

"I must give the money back."

"Yes," said Ember again gravely. And added: "I'll be going there tomorrow. I can carry it. You won't have to see him."

"You going to take that place at Westerwoods?" she cried.

"You want me to, don't you?"

Terror gripped her. "No, I don't. You s'pose I want you off up there with that Miss Westerwood? Cuddling up to you on the seat, that's what she was doing, and rolling up her eyes. Hanging herself onto your arm. You

s'pose I want you off up there talkin' poetry talk to her?"

"It didn't mean nothing," Ember said. "She just thought I was kind of quaint."

He reached out and swung Lee round, so that she came back across his body into the crook of his arm. His touch was very gentle for all its strength. "Looks like," he said, "we're just about quaint enough for each other." She felt his heart beating against her body, solemn and steady. She felt in him the integrity of earth, unchanging. Then he kissed her.

The light was failing. "See that tree against the sky?" Ember said. "It's like a prophet."

Lee stirred a little in Ember's arms. "It's our tree," she said. "It's our sky." ♦

## Seven Fish Dinners

Continued from page 18

A great dish in Sweden, this mackerel baked in cream. Split and bone a two to three pounder, then season well and lay in an oiled baking pan. After cooking for ten minutes in a roaring hot oven—500 deg. Fahr.—remove the skin and pour in about one cupful of cream. Cook five minutes longer, basting often. Garnish with paprika and lemon sections.

It might be nice with sour cream, too, but we haven't tried it.

Tomato Consommé  
Haddock with Oysters  
Duchess Potatoes  
Buttered Green Asparagus  
Apricot Upside-down Cake  
Beverage

Begin with a clear tomato broth to act as the curtain-raiser. Then haddock, oven-steamed in this way: Cut the fresh fillets in sizes for serving, sprinkle with salt and place in an oiled pan. Drain the liquor from one pint of oysters. Add a bay leaf, six whole allspice, a dash of tabasco and salt and pepper. Simmer ten to fifteen minutes, then strain this liquid over the fish in the pan and arrange the oysters on top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and cook at 350 to 400 deg. Fahr., ten to fifteen minutes, or until the fish is tender. Very delicious and suitable to all the "R" months of the year. Other seasons you can cook your fillets plain and serve them with a mustard or mushroom sauce.

Broiled Lake Trout  
Lemon Parsley Butter  
Savory Rice with Tomatoes  
Spinach Molds  
Halved Grapes, Diced Pears  
and Apples in Lime Jelly  
Frosted Cup Cakes  
Beverage

To broil your fish, lay it open, skin side down and cut with a sharp knife down the centre back, to the skin but not through it. Trim with the scissors, then lay the flat fish on a greased, heated broiler. Brush with cooking oil and season with salt and pepper, then cook ten to twenty-five minutes, depending on the thickness. Turn and cook the other side. Remove

to a hot platter, dot with butter and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Garnish with lemon.

Chilled Grapefruit  
Planked Salmon  
Caper or Tartare Sauce  
Riced Buttered Potatoes  
Green Peas  
Cranberry and Orange Shortcake  
Beverage

Prepare the fish as for broiling and lay it with the skin down on an oiled wooden plank which has been thoroughly heated. Sprinkle with salt and cook in a very hot oven—500 to 550 deg. Fahr.—for about ten minutes. Dot with butter and fold over like an omelet. Arrange in the centre of the plank and with mashed potatoes in a pastry bag, make nests of the potato around the edge of the plank. Return to the oven for five or ten minutes, then remove and fill the potato cups with hot, green peas. Very special company dish.

Clear Onion Consommé  
Swedish Haddock Loaf  
Tomato, Parsley or Mushroom  
Sauce  
Baked Stuffed Potatoes  
Cole Slaw  
Sponge Cake Ring with Ice Cream  
Chocolate Sauce  
Beverage

Swedish haddock loaf is another specialty of that land of good cooking. Turn to page 43 for the recipe and clip it for your files, as you are sure to have repeat orders. Not an expensive dish, for all it's rich with cream and not difficult, even for the beginner in things culinary. Take your choice of sauces or use all three in their turn.

Chicken and Noodle Soup  
Molded Fish Salad  
(with lettuce, hard-cooked eggs  
and lemon section)  
Hot Rolls or Bran Muffins  
Lemon Meringue Pie  
Beverage

Canned or left-over fish can be deliciously utilized according to the recipe on page 43 for a molded fish

## IMPOSSIBLE SITUATIONS

Chops Without  
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481 University Ave., Toronto





## Architects . . . and the Moderate Priced Home

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

IT IS true, I am an architect, but do not let that scare you. An architect is far from being the luxury you might imagine. He has a passion for good construction and an eye for good design, which means money in your pocket. Why? Because he can show the way to low upkeep cost and easy saleability. In fact, he can be your guide, counsellor and friend in all building problems—and I am yours for the asking in the *Chatelaine* service.

Architects today are planning small houses which include improvements unheard of ten years ago, and the home of the man of moderate means is at last coming into its own. An architect's fees can be saved by his service which will be a great help in the adventure of building a home, remodelling an out-dated one, and for renovating and interior decorating schemes.

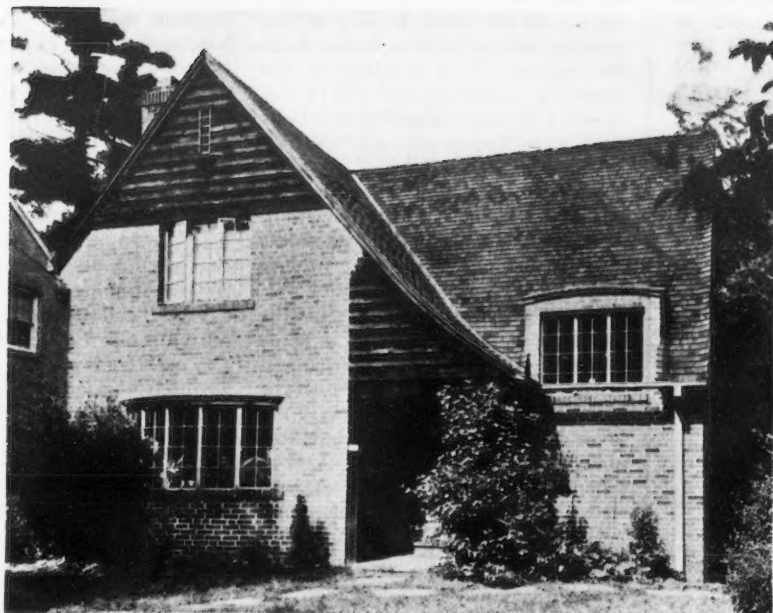
"Your Home" Department will publish every month plans of architect-designed houses, costing up to \$7,500 (some will be less costly); houses, not of the past, but of the up-to-the minute brand, complete with information of modern construction, materials and equipment. These homes will be worth while and expressive of modern living conditions in every sense.

The six-room house with garage, in this issue, was designed by an architect for his own use. It is a good example of a home which can be carried, without financial embarrassment, on a yearly income of \$3,000. Its flexibility of plan will permit extension. Due to its ingenious placement on the lot every room has a fair amount of sunlight. The living room is virtually a sunroom during the long winter months of the year. Truly an example of what an architect can do when given the chance. Cost \$7,500 including lot.

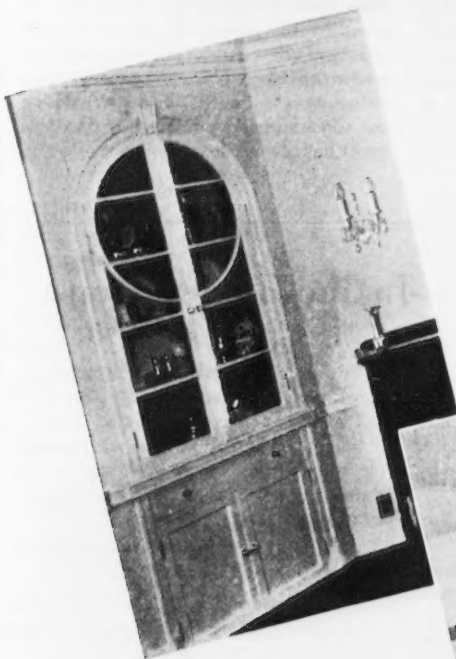
Many ask friends for their experience of new homes, remodelling schemes and renovations. This information will be available through the *Chatelaine* service. Your questions will be answered, based upon practical experience. I can think of many such questions that you may ask. For instance: (1) Is built-in furniture

suitable for a small house? (2) Your home is outside the city boundary and a septic tank is used for drainage. How deep below the ground should the weeping tiles be laid? (3) You may want to know whether a start could be made, with

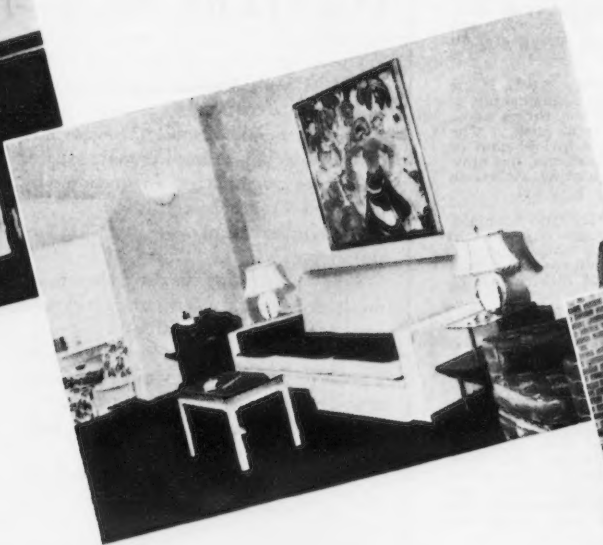
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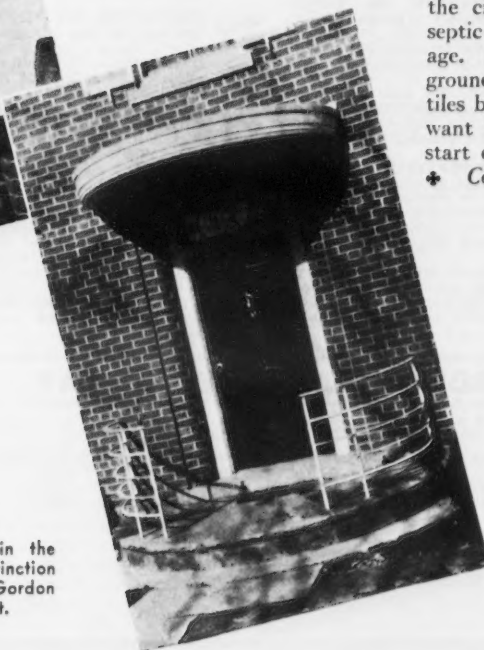
The house above, is a good example of a six-room home with garage, which can be carried, without financial embarrassment on a yearly income of \$3,000. The flexibility of its plan easily permits extension, and the cost was \$7,500 in Toronto—including the lot. W. Edward Barker, M.R.A.I.C., architect.



The corner cupboard in modern design lends itself to symmetry, especially in dining rooms, and makes an interesting feature.



Simplicity personified, is the keynote of this living room. The chesterfield is in dark blue and cream, and the vivid coloring in the painting is a brilliant note, on the cream walls. Leonard B. Briand, Interior Decorator.



A dignified doorway in the moderne style, finds distinction in its rounded canopy. Gordon Adamson, architect.





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home and let me come over and we'll—well, we'll talk."

"I can't possibly do that. It's all arranged—we're taking Paul Davis—"

"You're taking *who*? I thought he sang there."

"He doesn't sing every night. And since you said you didn't want to go, I invited him. You know mother always likes to fill the box."

He swallowed and made his voice light. "All right, darling, but can't he just go with the parents and—"

"Dave, I don't want to see you tonight, if you must know. I—I'm terribly upset. I think we'd both be better off if we didn't see each other at all for a while."

"We'll see a lot more of each other after we're married," he said. Then, when she did not answer, "Or won't we?"

"I don't know. I—I'd rather not think of that."

"Rather not think of being married to me?" He was cold as stone save for the hot thumping in his breast. "Is that it?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't want to talk about it—I don't want to quarrel. All we've done lately is quarrel."

"I know, darling, but we're not going to quarrel again—ever. Listen—"

"You shouldn't have called me up now, just when I'm rushing like mad to get dressed—"

"That was one of the things I wanted to talk to you about, El. We do too darn much rushing around—"

"Darling, you're priceless! If you

had to sit still and talk for five minutes you'd be bored to death."

"Not if I could talk to you."

"You've never tried it. Do you know what Paul Davis and I have been doing ever since we left your place? Talking. It was thrilling."

"You mean he's been talking, don't you?"

"Yes, but he has lots to talk about, Dave. He—"

"Sure, he's got himself—an inexhaustible subject."

"You don't like him because you don't understand a serious artist like Paul," she said stiffly. "I begin to think the gypsy read your character better than—"

"Gypsy! What gypsy?"

"You remember the one who told our fortunes that day?"

"Oh, sure, *that* gypsy!" he said, suddenly so angry he was shaking. "The one who told you I wasn't worthy of you! And what else—Oh, yes! How about the dark, distinguished fella you were going to meet? Didn't I hear you say your friend, Paul, was distinguished? Dark, too, isn't he? You might even call him slight—or maybe you wouldn't, but I certainly would. Slight's the perfect word for him!"

HE STOPPED, panting, but no voice answered, nothing now but the whining of the disconnected line. Dave hung up the receiver and leaned against the wall. Between the dreadful beating of his heart and the shaking of his knees,

he could scarcely stand. So the gypsy had read his character, had she! Since that night three weeks before he had not thought of her once. But now he thought of her, thought of the dollar he had given her and was convulsed with ironic laughter. He had given her a dollar to tell his girl he was all shop window and no shop—he started savagely back to the living room. Halfway across he stopped dead in his tracks. He was looking straight out through the opened door at the group gathered in the hall. At a girl with a small boy by the hand; at Sue kneeling before her child; at Jim beaming.

Sue was crying, "Precious! Lamb-kin! Are you all right, lovey?"

Jim was saying, "Sure he's all right, aren't you, old fellow?"

The strange girl was saying: "Oh, he's just fine. He's had a nice nap and his supper—as a matter of fact, he didn't want to come home."

She smiled a little shyly as she said it which, just for a moment, confused Dave. Then her face went grave again and there it was. The same little dark tricorne of a face he had seen twice before in his life—once on the tomb of an ages dead Egyptian princess and once on a bright, autumn-smelling afternoon three weeks before. The face of the pseudo gypsy girl—the face of his Nemesis.

With his head lowered and his fisted hands swinging at his sides, he started slowly across the room toward her.

♦ To be Continued

**Live With a Man and Love It**

Continued from page 20

know you've had trouble with your husband.

Don't accuse him of falling for another woman. By doing just that you are admitting defeat—putting something into words that perhaps hasn't really jelled yet in his mind. His may be an unconscious slipping toward another's charms. The "Other Woman" may not even realize that he has fallen for her, or she may be very clever in the way she works things.

Before you do anything, be frank with yourself. Ask yourself the following questions:

1. Have you nagged him?
2. Have you been untidy about yourself or the house, or both?
3. Have you let bridge or other activities interfere with the time you should spend together?
4. Have you pushed housework off onto him unfairly, or refused to let him entertain his friends at home?
5. Have you argued over who should have the family car, or where you are to go, so that each time it is a regular battle of wills?
6. Have you complained about your lot with him, or audibly wished, for the benefit of his ears, that you had married the other man who had more money?
7. Do you make fun of him in public?
8. Do you make more of a fuss over your children than you do him, and think about them so continuously that he is made to feel like an outsider in his own home?

9. Are you too busy to listen to his tales of woe or the fine deals he has put over at the office?

10. Do you get jealous of every little compliment he gives another woman? Or, do you fly into tempers over unimportant things?

11. Do you always want to go out nights when he is weary and would rather stay at home and read a good book? Then if he sighs, do you open up fire and point out that you never go anywhere or see anything?

12. Are you extravagant? Do you spend far more money than he can possibly earn, so that he is in debt most of the time, and feeling hopeless about ever getting ahead?

When you find out where you've run off the track, prepare a specially good dinner, and talk things over sensibly with him. Tell him you have been to blame and you will do a right-about-face. Then stick to your word.

If on the other hand you can truthfully put a "no" behind each and every question, then things are simple. You've just been taking each other for granted, and romance has slipped away. He's out after glamor again! Men are like children when they are bored—they want to do something different; want to go and see what is twinkling in the sun. They soon come back when the spell is over, or they find it's only a bit of broken glass instead of the diamond they naturally expected.

Most women don't hold their

tongues, or keep their patience long enough to let things work out by themselves. If it's glamor he wants—if he's taking you for granted—just do a little changing around yourself.

Button on your own glamor—surely you haven't let all the woman-instinct in you slip away! Even an old hen knows how to keep her rooster crowing and hustling bits of extra-special food for her.

Do something unexpected and gay that will surprise your husband. A woman can be a lot of different women, all molded into one. You have let the other girls he liked in you slip away. Get some new clothes or a gay hat, and pep up his guesser to the point of wondering what you're up to! A new perfume or a different hair style will help a lot to hold a husband. But most of all, be sympathetic—and never, never bring up the subject of the "Other Woman." Most likely he'll forget her soon if you make your brand of glamor better than hers, and keep your word about bridge debts or not giving all the time to the baby.

If you serve the things he likes at dinner, he'll think twice before he leaves home. Perhaps that's your answer. Maybe the "Other Woman" can't cook. At least she doesn't know his hates and likes the way you do.

Now, use your brains and save your marriage. The rules are here, and the how of applying them, but remember, there is no substitute for common sense. ♦





### MR. EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C., Architectural Editor

One of the most widely known architects in Canada, Mr. Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., will conduct the new department "Your Home," to discuss modern ideas in house planning, furnishing and decoration.

Mr. Parry is a Fellow of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada and a member of the Ontario Association of Architects. Following the Great War, he was chief of the Housing Division of the Dominion Government. His wide experience includes the design of many houses and housing developments in Canada and the United States.

In the new department, "Your Home," suggestions on renovation, insulation, interior decoration, gardens, and kindred subjects will be discussed. The "House Clinic" in which Mr. Parry will answer, personally, your questions, on the various phases of home planning and furnishing, will be of wide value.

"Your Home" is another notable feature, planned by CHATELAINE for your service and interest.

## The House Clinic

Address your enquiries, Mr. Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., *Chatelaine*, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Enclose a stamped envelope.

**Question**—Should the floors of clothes closets be raised above the floor of the room?

**Answer**—Yes, about three or four inches. This prevents dust and fluff from creeping in.

**Question**—I do the housework in our six-room house myself. The bathroom and toilet are on the bedroom floor. How much would it cost to have one on the ground floor?

**Answer**—Depending upon where the soil pipes are, a toilet and wash basin would cost approximately sixty-five dollars. Such a convenience—for the children coming home from school as well as for visitors—located in the rear entrance hall would relieve you of a lot of unnecessary work.

**Question**—Can I buy and install a refrigerator on the Home Improvement Plan?

**Answer**—No. The H.I.P. does not make loans for portable home equipment.

**Question**—Is it advisable to decorate my new home now? It has just been built.

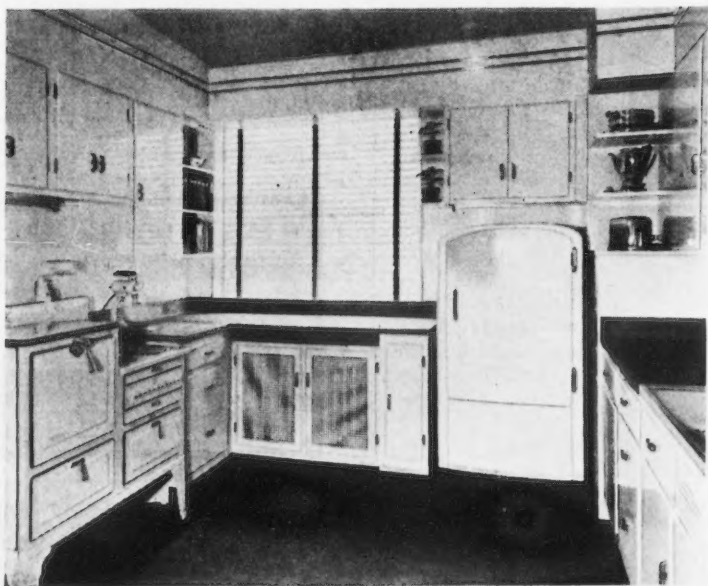
**Answer**—It would be safer to cover the walls with cotton before proceeding with the finish of paint or paper. Cotton will take care of fine cracks which may develop in the plaster. If the walls are to be painted a good texture for the finish is provided by its use.

**Question**—I can't afford to insulate my house completely. Should I start with the roof or the walls?

**Answer**—The roof. Be very careful to see that the intersection of roof with outer walls is made tight and insulated. Also, you could make the joints between walls and window frames and door frames weathertight by caulking.

**Question**—At what depth below the ground should the weeping tiles from a septic tank be laid?

**Answer**—Twenty-four inches in Ontario is safe practice. Regulations in other provinces vary. See that tar paper strips are placed over the joints of the weeping tiles so as to prevent rootlets of trees and shrubs creeping in and blocking the outflow.



This modernized kitchen of the Chatelaine Institute is planned on the "use sequence" principle — a distinct labor-saver.

## The House of the Month

Costing \$5,000 - including lot and garage



This \$5,000 house was designed by Evan Parry to meet the increasing demand for homes costing between \$5,000 and \$7,500.

Designed and described by

EVAN PARRY,  
F.R.A.I.C.

...

THIS IS an interesting type of house which expresses livability and efficiency. There are no unnecessary frills, or attempts at being "quaint." Simplicity with dignity is the keynote, and sets naturally into its surroundings.

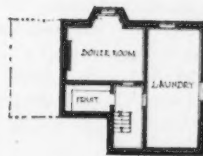
The finished color is creamy white, emphasizing the texture of the material used. Clapboard as well as field stone, brick or stucco, is equally suitable for the finish of the outside walls. The house is insulated, including walls and roof. The floors and partitions are sound deadened, something often overlooked in small house construction.

The interior walls are finished with wallboard, plaster, and painted, each room being finished in a color suitable to its aspect. Copper water piping and tanks. Completely wired for modern equipment, including provisions for recent development in house lighting. The bathroom walls are finished in the modern style.

There are built-in bookcases in the living room; built-in dressing tables; fitted clothes closets in the bedrooms, and labor-saving cupboards in dinette.

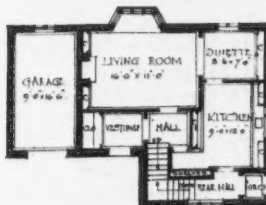
Note the location of the garage which fits in admirably with the design and is undoubtedly a "step-saver."

This house is an earnest of the promise made in this issue, that from month to month, houses of approximately similar cost will be shown, and the outstanding features which they contain will be referred to so that attention may be called to the interesting developments which have taken place in the planning and construction of the small home.



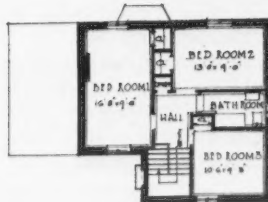
BASEMENT PLAN

The laundry shown in this basement plan was specially designed for the client, but with modern equipment the heating plant and laundry could be combined and the space shown as laundry, used as recreation room.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Up - to - the - minute "use-sequence" is exemplified in this plan and provides every convenience for the family which the modern housewife may demand. This is particularly noticeable in the service entrance and approach to the kitchen from the hall.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

No wasted space in the hall on this floor, a thing very much to be desired. Space so saved is used in rooms, and for cupboards. The staircase is very well lighted, being an unusual feature in small houses, and the bedrooms are provided with ample cupboard accommodation.



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CHAT 1-37

good results, by insulating a portion of your home, if your pocketbook does not provide for complete insulation. (4) With the Home Improvement Plan many people are still hazy as to whether they can obtain a loan if they install a new refrigerator.

The value of such information, when appearing in *Chatelaine*, is that it can be clipped and kept either for immediate use or for future reference. Just in the same way, I intend to give quite a number of pointers or tips as to what to do and what not to do with different materials, methods of construction, and color schemes. Truly a well-filled-out service for those desiring to live in houses and not in mere shelters from the weather. The problems of the housewife without a maid will be discussed, and many valuable suggestions made as to how to plan a servantless home. Equipment, plumbing, lighting, heating, in fact, the whole gamut of things in the home will be dealt with in such a way that no doubt will be left in your mind as to how, why or wherefore.

I realize only too well that the woman of today is interested in home building as never before. She seeks and insists that certain things must be planned in such a way as to make the home livable, workable and comfortable with the minimum amount of labor and fatigue. The housewife who knows her job requires ample closet space for linen, clothes, china and brooms. Noise in the house is a bugbear to her, and as far as new construction goes there is no excuse for it. With the new materials now in use, this nuisance has been eliminated. Much heartburning, loss of temper and unhappiness in the home are caused by faulty heating systems. Surely, it is worth while to investigate carefully the labor-saving and mechanically oper-

ated systems now available. It is the woman who, in the final analysis, gets the bad end of the stick with a faulty heating system.

The location of the laundry and its equipment is another important phase of housekeeping and should not be brushed aside as an unimportant item in the home. This brings me to the point of the great demand being made today for the small compact house with modern improvements. Realtors tell me that they can sell them as fast as they are built. But not if they fall short of what the woman of our day both requires and demands. It is common knowledge that the larger houses of twenty years ago are not wanted by anyone. So, the *Chatelaine* service will make a point of giving constructive and practical information as a guide to the home our realtor friends refer to.

Before my bag of good intentions is emptied, I must tell you that the development of glass in house construction is astounding, of which more later. Air-conditioning comes in the same category and makes the home pleasantly livable. Finishes for walls, floors and bathrooms are a complete story in themselves, as you will see in future issues. The same applies to lighting and ventilation. Of course, new building, renovating and remodelling are dependent on cost, which you all know. But to expect present prices to decrease is nothing less than looking for the end of the rainbow. In fact, the chances are a thousand to one that as time goes on they will increase. So, with these things in mind, I think it possible to give you good, sound, practical advice upon the various ways and means your plans may materialize with success. That is the service which the *Chatelaine* "Your Home" Department has set out to give. +

## POINTERS No. 1—In building a House.

DO NOT build a house larger than you can afford to carry.

Study neighborhood trends and restrictions before buying your lot.

Protect against depreciation by using good materials.

Remember that beauty lies in simplicity.

Proper planning is an inexpensive method of accentuating attractiveness and increasing home values.

Be sure you understand the plans; a good practice is to lay out room sizes if you cannot visualize your plans.

Avoid "tricky" plans—you may have to sell the house some day.

Two bathrooms are more convenient than one and a good rental or sales asset.

Be sure to have enough closet room—you cannot build closets later.

Eliminate waste space and make sure that every foot is used for some good purpose.

Study the plans for housekeeping convenience; the shortest distance between two points is the proved rule for housekeeping.

Be sure specifications are complete—avoid extras—don't change your mind after the job is started.

Put in more electric outlets than you think you will need.

Put a light in every closet.

Select heating apparatus with care—clean handling, clean heat and automatic control, ample radiation and air-conditioning.

Ample and dependable hot water supply is a great comfort.

Select windows with care. Be sure they do not interfere with easy operation of shades and screens.

Be sure window openings are properly water- and wind-proof.

Remember you will need good window shades and rust-proof screens.

Insist on good flooring—it costs much less in the long run and pays dividends of economical upkeep.

Kitchen floors should be proofed against water and staining.

Chimneys with fireclay flue linings are the best.

Use only good paint and varnish; cheapness here means constant renewal at great expense.

Plumbing systems are important—eliminate repair bills by the use of non-corrosive piping especially for the hot water system. +



## This is CHATELAINE PATTERN No. 1602



Price 15 cents. Sizes 30 to 40. Available only by mail order to Pattern Dept., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

## Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns on pages 30 and 31

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**No. 2138.** Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 6 years requires 3 yards of 35-inch fabric;  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

**No. 2637.** Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 years requires, Skirt:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Blouse:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39- or 44-inch fabric. Price 20 cents.

**No. 2649.** Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 years requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Collar and Cuffs:  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35-inch fabric. Price 20 cents. \*

Chatelaine's

January

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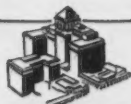


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## New Year's Eve Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 37

"Nose and toe tag" is a foolish game, and appropriate. For this, April, wearing a cap and bells is "it," and can tag anyone in the circle who is not in "nose and toe" position, which means that each player must grasp his nose with his right hand, and the toe of his left shoe with the left hand. As soon as the tagger has passed he may assume a normal position, but be always on guard. The one tagged is "it" next time.

May, on whom a flag has been draped, divides the group into two sections for charades. A choice for each side from these words can be suggested. Ann-ounce, post-age, ear-ring, car-pet, black-guard, don-key, rain-bow, fore-head, luke-warm, cupboard, back-bone.

WHAT IS more appropriate for June, the month of roses and weddings, than a cake sale?

Write the names of all the ladies present on slips of paper, stir them up in a cake tin and have each man draw the name of his partner.

Give each couple a sheet of paper prepared with the following questions: What kind of cake would you make for—

1. Sculptors?
2. Politicians?
3. Geologists?
4. Dairymen?
5. Milliners?
6. His Satanic Majesty?
7. Babies?
8. Lovers?
9. The Betrothed?
10. Gossips?
11. Carpenters?
12. Idlers?
13. Pugilists?
14. One who lives on his friends?
15. Dynamiters?
16. Convalescents?
17. Those who sample all these too much?

1. Marble cake.
2. Plum cake.
3. Layer cake.
4. Cream cake.
5. Ribbon cake.
6. Angel's food.
7. Patty cakes.
8. Kisses.
9. Bride's cake.
10. Spice cake.
11. Plain (plane) cake.
12. Loaf cake.
13. Pound cake.
14. Sponge cake.
15. Raisin cake.
16. Sunshine cake.
17. Stomach ache.

A SAILOR MAID and a sailor man representing July and August, the holiday months, might lead a game of "journey" played like the old-fashioned "fruit-basket." They give each person around the room the name of a village, town or city, then take position in the centre and commence, "I go a-journeying to—" alternately naming a place until several are named. These "places" change seats, the sailors trying to slip into harbor leaving others

in the centre. "Nobody home" means everybody moves. It is wise to play this game for only about ten minutes.

September, a schoolgirl, distributes slips of paper on which are written the names of different fruits or vegetables. Each person is to draw on the other side of the slip whatever is named. The papers are collected and pinned to the wall, more numbered slips are given out and all must guess what the pictures represent.

A drawing book to the winner is the logical prize.

With a little practice beforehand, October, representative of the Halloween witch may perform two stunts. After opening up a man's handkerchief and waving it about to show how free it is from any trickery (explaining meanwhile) she puts a match in the exact centre of the handkerchief and folds it up. Complete silence is insisted on so that all may hear the match break. Presently as she presses hard a distinct crack is heard, but October shakes out the handkerchief showing the match unbroken. Repeat the performance. The discovery is later made that two matches have previously been placed in the hem of the handkerchief at the corners and these have been broken.

A guest with a large head is chosen to help in this stunt. October holds up a ring, and assures all that if she holds the ring in just the right position she can easily poke his head right through it. Her friend stands obediently before her, unsmiling, and finally she proceeds to "poke his head through the ring" by putting her finger through the ring and poking his head.

Striking up a chord on the piano, November leads a singsong of familiar melodies. "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Down By the Old Mill Stream," or any suitable songs.

Then just before the clock strikes twelve, everyone should stand and at December's command turn completely around, symbolic of "turning a new leaf."

What appears to be a huge pudding is brought into the room, but instead of steam, red and green ribbons come from the top. Fastened to the ribbons are little packages, two of which, one red and one green, contain a few raisins, two others a cube of sugar, two others a nutmeg. Orange peel, figs, hard candies, currants, dates, or nuts may be placed in the packages, but there must be a red to match each green.

Give each girl a red ribbon and the green ones to the men as they stand around the "pudding," and when the little packages are opened, the matching contents decide who are supper partners.

Any tinsmith will make a cutter the shape of a bell for cutting the sandwiches and cookies for lunch. Ice a cake in white and draw a dial upon it with a brush dipped in melted chocolate. Serve coffee or cocoa with whipped cream and cream peppermints.

Tiny calendars or diaries make suitable favors. \*

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## BLACKHEADS

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist, rub this with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone. Have a Hollywood complexion.

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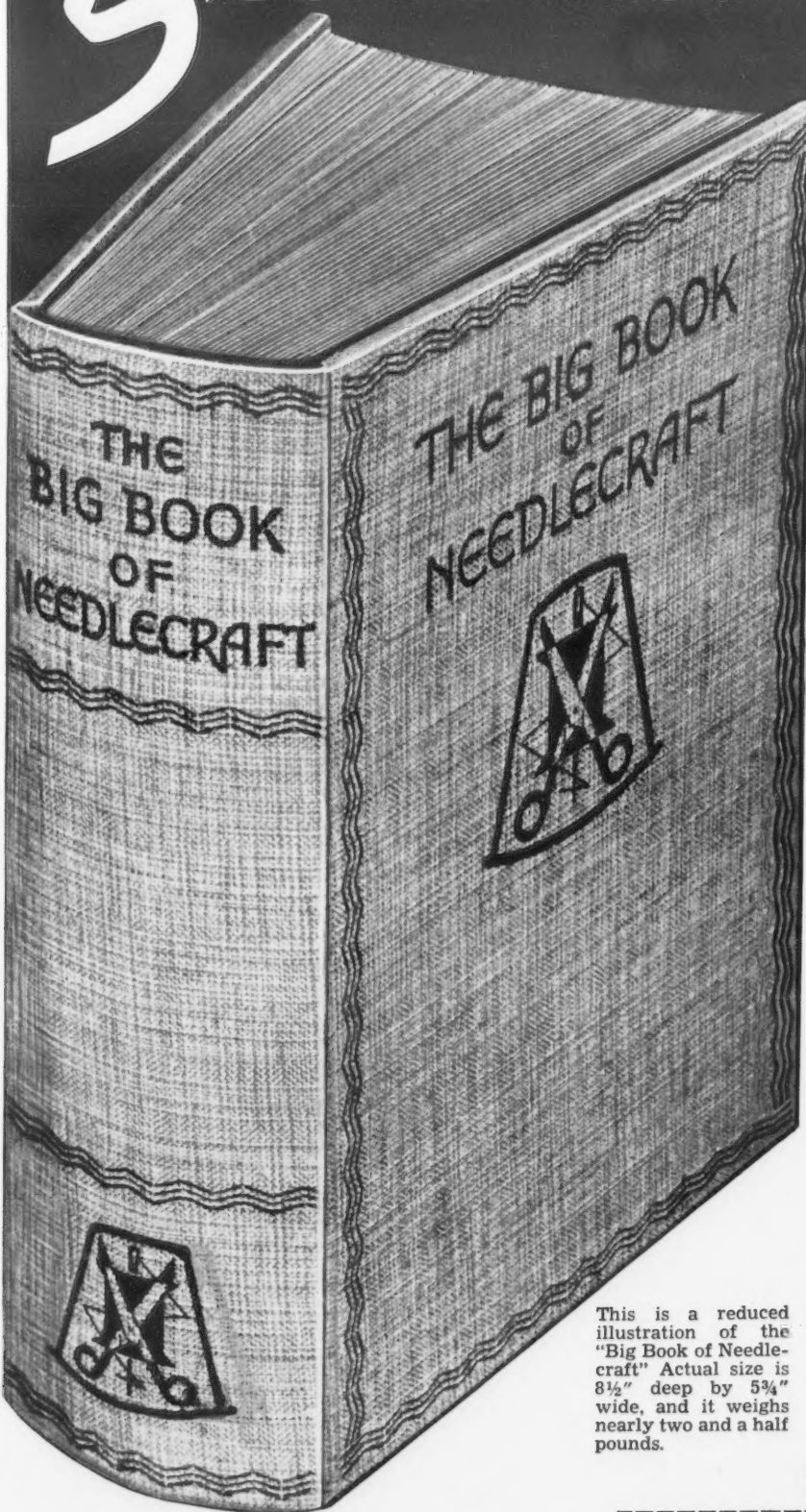
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# WHAT'S GOING ON IN HOLLYWOOD

Lola and Rosemary Lane, striking new Warner Bros. stars.

The incomparable Garbo and Charles Boyer in "Conquest."



Constance Bennett, seen here with Brian Aherne in "Merrily We Live," has turned definitely to comedy.



By WHITNEY WILLIAMS



When Louise Fazenda forgets her lines she starts singing in a high falsetto.



Spanky McFarland and Waila Hood are making "Our Gang Follies of 1938."

GOOD NEWS note. Constance Bennett seems to have turned definitely to comedy. If you chanced to catch "Topper," you'll recall that she rather distinguished herself in this new—for her—medium. Now, in "Merrily We Live," also produced by Hal Roach, she fairly revels in slapstick, and you're going to see a new Constance Bennett, more vital and alive than in any past performance.

I watched her do a scene with that past master of subtle humor, Alan Mowbray, and so infectious was the mood that even the grips guffawed upon its conclusion. And when the grips—property men—laugh, you can bet your bottom dollar that it's good. Connie was trying to do a "double-take"—a comedy trick—but for the life of her she couldn't accomplish it. In case you aren't familiar with the "double-take"—it's an exaggerated reaction to surprise. You've seen Wally Beery do it dozens of times.

On this same day, I visited The Gang, too.

This group of youngsters go on and on through the years, with additions to the cast frequently taking the places of those who outgrow the Gang. "Our Gang" originated in 1922. Since then, there have been four sets of kiddies. Johnny Downs, now a popular young leading man, belonged to that first group.

This day, Our Gang was making a picture, a feature-length comedy, called "Our Gang Follies of 1938." You can guess what it's about without my telling you—it's a musical.

Spanky is a night club owner, and how he's loving it. The studio sent him to one of Hollywood's most fashionable tailors for a dress suit, and he looks like a miniature Oliver Hardy. While

I stood behind the camera, Spanky enacted the part of master of ceremonies, with all the aplomb of Frank Fay. The kids are going to town, so to speak, in this comedy, and I can recommend it to every parent in the country as suitable entertainment for her child.

Before I pass on to other matters, I'd like to mention that the enormous ruby ring Constance Bennett wears next to her large diamond is a gift from the members of Our Gang. They bought it for her, after due consideration, in the five-and-ten cent store.

WHENEVER I want a particularly tasty luncheon, I drop by the Lakeside Golf Club. This is the club to which most of the golfing stars and directors belong, and in the grill-room may be found more famous names than probably congregate in any other Hollywood spot.

There at one table are Bing Crosby—the club champion—and Dick Arlen, rivals for years on the course; and close by, Humphrey Bogart, Edgar Kennedy, Johnny Weissmuller and Adolphe Menjou. Director William Wellman probably will be comparing lies with Director Gregory La Cava, while Alan Hale and Andy Devine chime in with even bigger lies. Yes, it's all one happy family . . .

I was interviewing George Murphy, who had just returned from spending an hour trying to reach the club he had thrown high into a tree-top, after a particularly poor shot. He still was furious, but he had to laugh.

"I was playing with Adolphe Menjou," he said. "There's a golfer! He got so mad along toward the thirteenth hole that he chased his caddie all the way back to the locker-room."

Can't you picture in your imagination the super-sophisticated Menjou turning madman, when he "dubbed" a putt? A heavy tome would be required to recount all the funny anecdotes emanating from Lakeside, concerning its members. Some day I'm going to write that story.

AMONG ALL the comedienne I know, Louise Fazenda's wit is the most spontaneous. She's worth ten laughs a minute, and there's absolutely no effort to her fun-making.

It's a riot to watch her work on the set. I lunched with her recently, and afterward watched her do a scene for "Swing Your Lady," in which Humphrey Bogart, Dorothy McNulty—who's just changed her name to Penny Singleton—Ronald Reagan and Allen Jenkins appear with Louise.

The scene was a country fair, and yokels by the dozens milled around. Louise, who is a female wrestler in this picture, was walking on a plank—to add to her height. She became so intent upon walking the plank that she completely forgot her lines.

Anybody who ever has worked with Louise knows what that means. Every time she blows up—misses a line—she starts singing in a high falsetto.

Amazing are some of the actions of the stars whenever they muffle their speech. Bing Crosby starts to croon, Warner Baxter recites the first few lines of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and what Carole Lombard says had best be left unsaid. Out of the whole of Hollywood, the one who blows up the most seldom is—Shirley Temple. Sometimes she'll go through an entire picture with scarcely a mistake. And that, my friends, is sumpin'!

NIGHT CLUBS are all right, it would seem, but a goodly number of the movie-great take their evening entertainment in a bowling alley. I dropped by a popular alley—for the good old waistline—and among others glimpsed Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper, Bruce Cabot and Harold Lloyd. Another evening, I saw some of the younger set—Tom Brown and his wife, Anne Shirley with her husband, Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney and Paula Stone. Hollywood is becoming Main Street.

See you next month!

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# TO THE King's Taste!



## Fish CUTLETS

- 1 pound of fresh Canadian Fish, boned (cod, halibut, haddock, whitefish, lake trout, pickerel, or other Canadian Fish).
- 1 cupful of white bread
- A little milk or water.
- 2 eggs
- Salt and pepper.

Soak the bread in a little milk or water for 2 or 3 minutes. Squeeze the liquid from the bread and put both fish and bread through the food chopper, using a fine knife. Add the well-beaten eggs and season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix well and shape into 8 or 10 cutlets, or other desired forms. Roll in sifted dry bread crumbs and fry in butter or cooking oil, turning to brown on both sides. Serve hot with a well-seasoned tomato sauce.

## Eat MORE FISH !

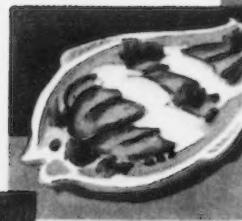
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